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SIXPENCE.

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"THE TEMPEST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE: MR. BEERBOHM TREE AS CALIBAN.

DRAWN BY J. LAWSON WOOD.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Woman has a new enemy, one Cloudesley Brereton, who shows up her selfishness in the *Times*. Not content with wasting her husband's substance on mere display, so that the poor man must work himself to the bone to make both ends meet, she robs him of his small leisure by dragging him to routs and crushes, where his brain-tissue is paralysed by vapid talk. Years ago, in a popular comedy, a fashionable young man addressed to every woman he met this original and sprightly observation—"I suppose this is the last ball of the season?" It made so deep and widespread an impression that before the end of the evening, a partner, introduced to him for the first time, remarked with an air of extraordinary inspiration: "I suppose this is the last ball of the season." He looked at her thoughtfully, and said in a deliberate tone: "Do you know, I should not be at all surprised if we had another!" But that young man had no brain-tissue and no cares; he was not a weary husband, who knew that his last spark of intelligence was flickering out in the windy babble. Have you not seen this luckless wight standing in a doorway with a look of pathetic appeal? What it says is: "Please don't tell me the room is very warm, that the weather we have been having lately is very disappointing, that the English climate must be changing, don't you know. True! I quite agree. I have known the climate these forty years, and it has been changing all the time. But do please let me alone. I have got just one little bit of brain-tissue left, and I want it to earn money enough to pay for that expensive gown which my wife has come here expressly to exhibit!"

In one of Mr. Mallock's books there is an eminent philosopher who appears at a rout, and enters into the babble with zest. His brain-tissue suffers no damage, for it turns out that he is engaged upon a great work of sociology, and the conversation of wasteful ladies who exhibit their expensive gowns supplies him with valuable material. Here's a useful hint to Mr. Cloudesley Brereton's weary husbands. Let them smile cheerfully in the doorway and produce their sociological notebooks. "Dear me! Do you really think the climate is changing? Pardon me for jotting down a memorandum of that opinion. You are the sixteenth person who has made the same remark to me this evening. The weight of evidence is well-nigh overwhelming; so far, not a single dissentient voice. Yes, I am writing a treatise on the social aspect of the elements. The chapter upon which I am engaged at present is entitled 'The Moral Effect of Gossip on the Climate.' So you see you have really done me a great service. Your kind wishes for the success of my book inspire me with fresh energy. I feel the brain-tissue growing. Do I expect to make any money by this occupation? Well, in my wildest dreams I sometimes see myself paying for my wife's expensive gowns with the publisher's cheque!"

How is that for refreshment to the down-trodden bread-winner? Of course, his wife may say, as they are driving home, "My dear John, what is this dreadful nonsense you have been talking to everybody? People came to me quite upset; they said you must be going out of your mind. One woman actually said it was my fault—I shouldn't make you work so hard!" The down-trodden one sees his opening. "Did she, my dear? Spiteful creature! It's quite true, though—I am out of my mind. Don't be alarmed. I leave my mind at the office, so as to have a really jolly time with you. Let me see; we have another party to-morrow night. I have a capital idea for conversation in the supper-room. Yes, I shall go down to supper pretty often, so as to amuse as many women as I can. No, I won't tell you now what my idea is—you'll hear of it, I daresay." She does hear of it, and the connubial discussion that follows is rather critical. "John, are you mad, or are you bent on disgracing both of us?" "Good gracious, Sophonisba, what's the matter?" "Your talk in the supper-room was a perfect scandal. What did you mean by asking the waiters for buttermilk?" "Science, my dear, science, and a sound rule of health. Professor Metchnikoff says that sour milk introduces a friendly bacillus into the large intestine—" "How can you talk of such horrors at supper?" "The witching time! I told old Lady O'Gormandysert that she gives food and lodging every day to 128 thousand millions of homeless microbes." "Yes, and she rushed upstairs in hysterics!" "My dear, if she had only waited she would have learned, on the authority of Professor Metchnikoff, that the bacillus of buttermilk smites these Amalekites, or, rather, drowns them in lactic acid."

Husbands, take heart! By these devices ye may gain your liberty, and stay snugly at home recruiting your brain-tissue with the articles in the *Pall Mall Magazine* on the state of English fiction. It is a sad state. The fashion of our novelists, writes Mrs. Craigie, is "to describe women as they never were and men as they cannot be." Though "sick of twaddle," readers are not yet able to "digest the verities."

Mr. Edmund Gosse laments the "chartered banality of the respectable English novelist." He wants novels to "challenge all the musty formulas of conduct." Mr. Lang cannot understand what all the pother is about. If anybody has a genius for writing novels, let him or her go ahead. As for the novelists mentioned in this discussion, "Some of them bore me, others I know would bore me if I gave them the chance; of others I never heard." Still more sardonic is Mr. W. L. Courtney, who says that "girls can easily write novelettes," but the "idealising and consummating art" of fiction is beyond the range of woman. It must be comforting to sit quietly at home and read that, while your wife is exhibiting her expensive gowns.

But I suspect the editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine* of a subtle irony. "Let us put these critics in a row," says he with a chuckle, "and see how they will score off one another. Observe the countenance of Mr. Lang when he finds Mr. Gosse challenging the musty formulas of conduct!" I thought there were heaps of novels nowadays wherein those formulas had a very bad time. But Mr. Lang, you may depend, has never heard of them, and will not give them the chance of boring him. Birds of a feather may flock together, but not the critic-birds. When they are inveigled by Mr. Halkett into his cage, they have not a feather left; they peck one another bare. Rare spectacle for the ladies who go on writing novels without that idealising and consummating art!

Apart from eating and drinking, says an American observer, the theatre is the only recreation of Londoners. We don't sit in cafés for the love of them; we have no parks; we have not the least notion of that zest of life which he has remarked in Berlin. No parks! The American gentleman is bidden to rub his eyes next time he pays us a visit; when he wakes up he may find himself lost in Kensington Gardens. Very useful, those gardens, for disconcerting the benighted foreigner who complains that London is a hideous conglomeration of bricks. But except for nursemaids and children, do they minister much to the zest of life? Pleasant to know that we have such leafy solitudes, should we ever need them; but I should say that the average man who dwells within easy reach of Kensington Gardens would feel as lost there as the benighted foreigner. A pleasant, commodious café under the trees would make them more sociable, no doubt; but what a sacrilegious challenge to the musty formulas of conduct! A café like the Cascade in the Bois de Boulogne, let us say, would be an outrage on our respectability. You might as well tweak Mrs. Grundy's nose outright. So there is no refreshment in Kensington Gardens except tea—the sort of tea that is served at school feasts.

But if we are rather indifferent to our open spaces, and green oases, and nice, deserted garden-squares, it is cheering to find them praised by the foreigner in a moment of illumination. Writing in the *New York Critic*, Miss Charlotte Harwood describes how she pined for London when she returned to her native city. Her patriotic heart yearned to cry: "New York's good enough for me!" But it was not. She found "ill-kept streets, treeless, grassless, flowerless, destitute of grace or beauty, with nothing but the misused power of money glaring at every corner." Then came odious comparisons. "In our self-sufficient arrogance we have erected Towers of Babel to stifle and smother our people. If London, with its miles of parks, squares, and other open spaces, were put down on Manhattan Island, instead of New York, the awful heat of summer would be tempered by the air that would then reach us over cool green places, wide streets, and houses of unavaricious height." This makes the Londoner feel good. I want to hasten to Kensington Gardens, and, seated on a penny chair (hang the expense!), ponder this tribute to our virtues. We build without avarice. Money does not glare from every corner, not even in Park Lane, supposed by some gloomy moralists to be the blatant architecture of sumptuous callousness!

The daring of this lady takes away one's breath. Such treason to the Monroe Doctrine as a wish that London were put down on Manhattan Island instead of New York cannot escape the attention of Mr. Roosevelt. It is only a few weeks to the Presidential Election; and now is his chance to declare that true Americans would rather see Manhattan Island a swamp than suffer it to become a prey to the despotic traditions of British feudalism. What! Fifth Avenue turned into Piccadilly, and the Bowery into Bloomsbury! Miss Harwood could not take our old squares without their aristocratic associations. And think of our collection of statues overlooking the Hudson! The news that George III. was profaning the soil made free by Washington would raise that revolutionary hero from his tomb. But let me not anticipate the eloquent periods which Mr. Roosevelt must be chiselling at this moment. Probably Mr. Parker is at work on a similar manifesto; but I put my money on the President.

WITHIN THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

Sometimes the stroller in a meadow finds a flat stone lying on the grass, and, raising it in idle curiosity, sees the ground beneath unhealthily discoloured, the lurking-place of a hundred creeping things that scatter in all directions to avoid the light of day. The European visitor to Lassa may be forgiven if the comparison rises to the minds of his English readers when he sets out for them in detail the sights that he has witnessed. For East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet. From Suez, where the writ of the Decalogue ceases to run, up to far Peking, the East robes its many glories in a mantle of dirt. Small wonder, then, if the Westerner, into whose life the Sanitary Inspector has entered so deeply, takes some little time to see what lies hidden beneath the veil.

In Lassa, the Western eye, offended by many horrid sights, takes in the more beautiful aspects of the city slowly and one by one. Gradually dirt and squalor lose their first power to offend: the spectator learns to ignore them in his search for beauty. Whether he paces the city's Via Sacra, known to pilgrims as the Ling-kor, or from some outlying hill looks out over the Potala and Chagpori, or, in the darkness of the Ramo Ché, listens awestruck to the sound of invisible drums, some subtle atmosphere belonging to the city itself gives pause to the discontent and disgust of his earlier hours. He realises that, whatever his own feelings may be, the men and women surrounding him are in deadly earnest; they are working for their souls as much as the howling Mohammedans who cast stones against the devil upon the hill of Arafat, or the toil-worn Jews who wail and plead by the Temple wall in the shadow of the great Mosque of Omar.

Yes, Lassa is a city of pilgrimage, metropolis whereunto all Buddhists assemble, and doubtless the offences of the city are hidden from their downcast eyes. You meet the pilgrims by the score, nay, by the hundred, coming from the west to reach the Ling-kor by the corner where the Chinese Temple comes near to meeting the Pargo-Kaling gate. They pass silently and with dignity through the ranks of the assembled beggars, praying-wheels in hand and on their lips the incantations that keep their souls from hell. Heavily clad in an enveloping cloak of dullest colour, barefooted or with thick shapeless boots, bareheaded, and with no ornament save a turquoise in the left ear, the men and women of the lower class are indistinguishable at first sight. Perhaps it is well not to look too closely, for such claims as the women might make to good looks are heavily discounted by the crimson stains on the face.

Among the crowd of unattractive devotees the trabas from the monasteries in their dark-red garments strike a more distinguished note; but bright colour is reserved for the State officials, whose gorgeous yellow robes lined with blue silk afford the most brilliant spectacle the Ling-kor shows. Save to defer or make way for them, the lower orders do not regard their rulers with any approach to interest. Changing and varied in aspect as the crowd of pilgrims, beggars, and officials is the circular road on which they meet. Sometimes the Ling-kor is beautiful—a well-made path shaded by poplars and willows and clematis, with green grasses by the wayside, and the cool waters of the Lukang beyond. The lake is haunted by a devil who has taken the serpent form; he lives in the central island and demands sacrifices, just as though he had escaped from Western legendary lore and the company of people who have ceased to believe in spirits, good or bad, to take up his residence in more congenial quarters. Rushes hide the edges of his home; giant trees cover it so closely that only the blue-tiled roof of the pavilion may be seen from the road. If the demon does live there, it must be admitted that he has done well to choose that corner of Lassa in preference to the Temples of Moru or Ramo-Ché, where the most of the sacred city's evil spirits appear to have taken up their residence. The deep-foliated trees screen all his orgies, and beautiful water-fowl, with dragon-flies of surpassing beauty, haunt the surrounding waters. Unfortunately, it is a small part of the Ling-kor's task to show the traveller Lassa at its best. The remorseless road must girdle the city, and in so doing reaches a quarter in which the Ragyaba dwell in low mud huts, and wallow in the outlying filth among the black swine that live upon the dismembered dead. Here one finds the horn walls of which travellers have written, and here, too, where the lowest of Lassa's inhabitants cut up the dead that the pigs and pariah dogs may eat and thrive, the hollyhocks raise their heads to unusual height, and the sweet-smelling stocks strive hard to purify the air, while the free-growing nasturtium sprawls and spreads and shines regardless of its surroundings. And the Dalai Lama's Palace, the Potala, dominates this foul quarter too: a mass of solid granite set high upon a hill, shaded deep crimson in parts, having all its turrets gilded.

Within the temples, rites that suggest devil-worship are unending, performed to the solemn sound of drums or the clash and blare of brass instruments. From end to end the city hums and throbs with religious life. Buddhism has become overgrown and monstrous in the hands of its priests, so that the gentle Gautama would shrink with horror from it. From the shade or darkness of a worship that should be beautiful, and has become almost obscene, how refreshing it is to wander into the bazaar, where the Orient at its best and brightest reasserts itself! The instinct to make money has prevailed over all others—more powerful than love to cast out fear—and the Tibetan brings his wares and outwits the simple Indian soldiery. From early morning to high noon the bazaar is in full swing, and you shall buy, if you will, sealing wax, condensed milk, and cigarettes among the countless native trifles offered for sale. But by the afternoon the unsold goods have been removed, out of the way of the thunderstorm that is part and parcel of every August day in the city of the Grand Lama.

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R.N.

Once more the pivot of interest changes, and it is difficult at the moment of writing to say whether it is centred in the Far East or nearer home. Around Mukden, and the country lying between that place and Liao-yang, there is perceptible a lull—a decrease in energy more obvious, perhaps, on the part of the Russians than on that of the Japanese. Meantime we are receiving piecemeal the official story of the result of the great battle summarised in the list of trophies sent to Tokio, with which may be collated the dispatch of Kuropatkin on the same subject, so far as it has been allowed to transpire by the censors at St. Petersburg. Of even deeper import as bearing on the big battle are the accounts of the correspondents who accompanied Kuroki in that marvellous turning movement, which all but succeeded, and was only foiled by the Russian General withdrawing the greater portion of his troops from his original front, to resist the blow which, had it been successful, would have resulted in his complete overthrow. The more light thrown on the subject, the clearer it becomes that Kuropatkin hoped to stay the enemy at Liao-yang, and the less chance he now has of holding them anywhere south of Harbin. "You may be sure," writes a pro-Russian correspondent from St. Petersburg, "that neither Mukden nor Tieling will be seriously held." Yet Tieling has been called the "Thermopylæ of Manchuria." It may be so; but it can be turned, and the Japanese are adepts at the tactics of turning strong positions. It has been made plain that what is really hampering the Russian General is want of transport. The railway has been used for the dispatch of men without the means to carry them to any distance from the line, and thus mere numbers are being pressed forward at the expense of the mobility of the army. It is the difficulty he has in getting away from the railway line that prevents Kuropatkin from attempting anything in the shape of an offensive movement. It is this that enables the Japanese to operate in three columns independent of one another, yet in continuous communication and prepared for concentration at the psychological moment.

Turn we to Port Arthur, and there again we find evidence of an exhaustion which, if some of the correspondents are to be believed, has turned to "a venomous fury." That the situation has been recognised as hopeless from the Russian point of view has been apparent ever since the fleet was ordered to put to sea and not to return to the port. Indeed, if we may put any trust in some of the stories which are current in St. Petersburg, if that attempt at escape had succeeded, if Admiral Prince Ukhtomsky had obeyed his superior's orders, then by this time Port Arthur would have surrendered. It is only in consequence of the return of the fleet that the fortress holds out, and because General Stoessel has declared his belief that in the present temper of the Japanese their officers could not restrain them from massacre if they entered as the result of an assault. This very circumstance would appear an additional reason for surrender, but the same correspondent states that during the last days of his stay even flags of truce were no longer respected. The garrison was living on a diet of black bread, ammunition was scarce, and the masses of unburied bodies caused a terrible pollution of the air. While the outer world obtains some knowledge of what is transpiring inside from these stories of the refugees, it would seem that the garrison can no longer receive news from the outer world. This is the only explanation to be vouchsafed for the appeal which the new naval Commander-in-Chief, the Captain of the *Bayan*, the Russian Nelson, as he is called, has made to the Tsar for the immediate dispatch of the Baltic Fleet.

But the Baltic Fleet—or the Second Pacific Squadron, as it is officially called—is not likely to go to the Far East this year. A few words about this squadron may be of interest now that at last it has left port. The squadron consists of six battle-ships: the *Kniazsuvorov* (flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Rozhdestvenski), *Oslabia* (flying the flag of Rear-Admiral von Felkersam), *Imperator Alexander III.*, *Sissoi Veliki*, *Navarin*, and *Borodino*; five cruisers: the *Almaz* (flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Enkvist), the *Dmitri Donskoi*, *Aurora*, *Svietlana*, and *Admiral Nakhimov*; seven destroyers: the *Bravi*, *Buini*, *Buistri*, *Biedovi*, *Bezuprechni*, *Bodri*, and *Blectiashtchi*; and three transports: the *Kitai* (China), *Korea*, and the *Kniaz Gorchakov*. It will be noticed by naval students that of these vessels not a great number can be claimed as new—three, perhaps four, of the battle-ships are quite modern, and two out of the five cruisers may be placed in the same category. But the others, in construction and armament, are considerably out of date. On the other hand, all the destroyers are new, and are of an excellent type. The Tsar, accompanied by the Dowager-Empress and several of the Grand Dukes, made an inspection of the squadron in his yacht early in September, and his Majesty had a most enthusiastic reception. He also visited the battle-ship *Orel* and the cruiser *Oleg*, both of which are in dock at Cronstadt, but nearly ready for sea. A few days after the inspection the fleet put to sea and proceeded to Libau, which it will make its headquarters while undergoing exercise in the Baltic. It is understood that the squadron will not start until joined by the *Oleg* and the *Orel*, and also that the Tsar will again review it before it takes its final departure. It may be added that observers in the Russian capital are very sceptical about its sailing this year. Some of these ships have already been to the Mediterranean, and since its departure cannot now save Port Arthur, it might be just as well if the squadron were given a trial trip in those waters. Admiral Rozhdestvenski would no doubt be glad of the opportunity to give his officers and men a little much-wanted instruction and pulling together. The handling of such a fleet is not a simple matter, and even if the executive

officers are men of experience, it is improbable that this is the case with the engineers, the gunners, and the firemen. It is conceivable that the difficulties in connection with coaling the squadron and enabling it to reach the Far East might be overcome somewhat as they were in the case of the Volunteer steamers; but then, if there is no base available, what will be its fortune? Port Arthur, if it has not fallen, will be strictly blockaded, and its docks and wharves under fire, while Vladivostok will be frozen in. The look-out for the squadron, even if it succeeds in accomplishing the voyage, is not particularly bright. But there does not appear to be any reason for haste, and it is quite certain that officers, men, and ships would be infinitely more effective for whatever purpose they are wanted after a thorough course of training and exercise during the winter months.

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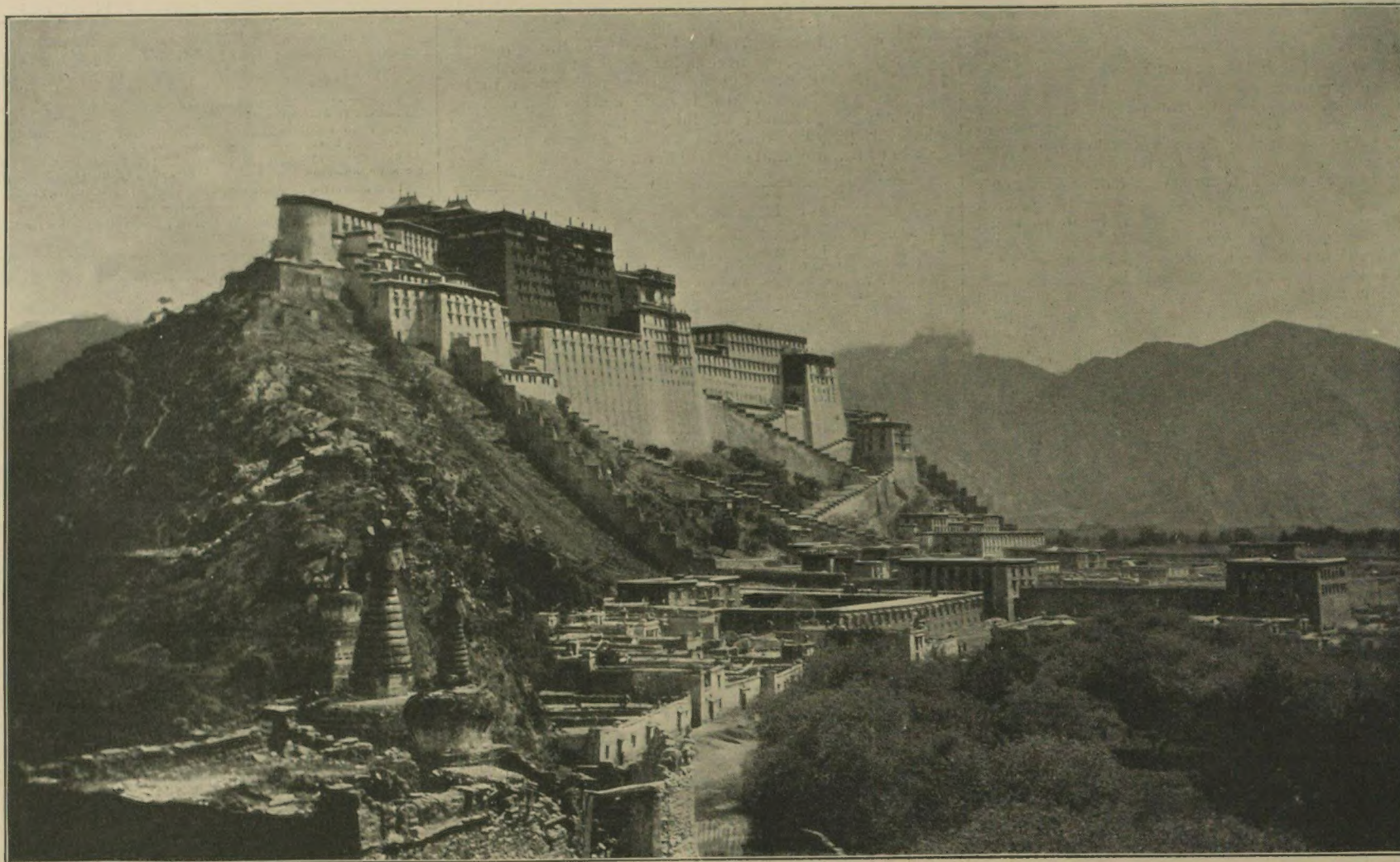
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AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

AT LASSA, THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF TIBET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AN OFFICER OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION.



THE SCENE OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY WITH TIBET: THE GOLDEN-DOMED POTALA, THE PALACE OF THE FUGITIVE DALAI LAMA.

The Potala is built on a bluff rock north of the city of Lassa. It is described as surpassing the most sanguine expectations. "Its golden domes," writes Mr. Edmund Candler, "shone in the sun like tongues of fire, making it a landmark for miles around. It must strike with awe and veneration the hearts of the pilgrims arriving from the barren table-lands to visit the Sacred City." The British treaty with Tibet was signed in the Dalai Lama's apartments in this building on September 7.—(See article on "Our Note Book" Page.)



AN OFFICIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF TIBET: THE TSARUNG SHAPÉ BEING LIFTED ON TO HIS PONY AFTER A VISIT TO THE BRITISH COMMISSIONER AT LASSA.

Conferences were held between the British and the delegates of the Dalai Lama almost daily, but for some time with little result. The Shapé pleaded the poverty of the country round Lassa as a reason for the retirement of the expedition, and sought to negotiate anywhere rather than in the Sacred City. The curious red "lamp-shade" hats worn by those assisting the Shapé should be noted.

AT LASSA, THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF TIBET.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES BY OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITION.



WESTERN END
OF THE POTALA

VEGETABLE VENDORS :
A TYPICAL STALL

THE CHAGPA HILL
ON WHICH STANDS
THE MEDICAL COLLEGE

NEPALESE VENDORS
OF BETTER CLASS
FOOD STUFFS

THE POTALA
OR DALAI LAMA'S HOUSE
FROM BRITISH ENCAMPMENT

GLIMPSE OF THE CATHEDRAL
LOOKING SOUTH

LASSA

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

(SEE ARTICLE ON "OUR NOTE BOOK" PAGE.)

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE ROYAL VISIT
TO SCOTLAND.

The annual gathering of the Braemar Royal Highland Society was held on Sept. 15; as is customary, provided a most picturesque spectacle; and, as is becoming customary, was attended by the King. His Majesty, who was accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, reached Clunie Park at a quarter to four, and was heartily welcomed by the clansmen and spectators. The royal party watched the march-past and most of the games from their pavilion, but advanced into the ring to witness the dancing competitions. His Majesty began a visit to Lord and Lady Burton at Glen Quoich, the magnificent deer-forest in Inverness-shire, on Sept. 19.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Prince Herbert Nicholas von Bismarck, who died on Sept. 18, was the son of his father in name rather than in temperament. He had the same idiosyncrasies of character as the Iron Chancellor, but neither the same gigantic intellect nor the same strain of romance. Entering the German Foreign Office in 1873, he served at Munich, Dresden, Berne, St. Petersburg, Vienna, London, and the Hague, but relinquished all idea of attaining political fame on his father's retirement, and resigned his office. By his death the world is likely to lose an authoritative biography of the Great Chancellor, which he had been engaged upon for some time past.

George Manners Astley, twentieth Baron Hastings, who died on Sept. 18, cannot be said to have had an eventful career, and is chiefly known as a member of the Jockey Club and owner of Melton, on whom Fred Archer rode one of his finest races when he won the Derby in 1885. Lord Hastings was born in 1857, succeeded his brother in the title in 1875, was formerly Captain and Hon. Major of the Norfolk Artillery, and married the Hon. Elizabeth Evelyn Harbord, daughter of the fifth Baron Suffield.

Colonel Sir Edwin Hughes, who died on Sept. 15, was for many years associated with Woolwich, which he represented in Parliament and on the London School Board, and of which he was first Mayor. His public activities began shortly after he was admitted solicitor, and he was, in turn, election and registration agent, legal adviser to the Woolwich Local Board, and Vestry Clerk of Plumstead. An enthusiastic Volunteer, he was Hon. Colonel of the 2nd Kent (Plumstead) Artillery Volunteer Detachment. He was thrice married.

Vice-Admiral William Rae Rolland, who died recently at Juniper Green, had seen much active service. He was present at the capture of Canton, Amoy, Ningpo, Chusan, Woosung, and Nankin, was at Sebastopol, the bombardment of Fort Constantine, and the attack on the Chinese at Fatshan Creek in 1857. His decorations included a gold medal, awarded to him by the American Government for saving part of the crew of the United States brig *Sowers* off Sacrificios. The Vice-Admiral was born in 1817, and married Adeliza Isabel, daughter of the late Captain Mowbray, in 1858.

Almost on the eve of the coronation of King Peter of Serbia, Colonel Gaedke, the military critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, suffered for concerning himself with the murder of King Peter's predecessor on the throne. The Colonel published an article which sought to justify the action of the regicides. This brought him before a Court of Honour, and he has now been deprived of the right to wear uniform and to use his military title. Colonel Gaedke, who is a retired Prussian officer, has frequently fallen foul of the German military authorities by reason of his sharp criticisms of the army. He is at present acting as war-correspondent at the Russian headquarters.

The Dr. Edwyn Hoskyns who has accepted the Southwell, Suffragan of is at present engaged on work in Cape. has a con-reputation speaker, as able organ-a man of energy. His included Welwyn Quebec Clement's



Photo. Kay, Bolton.
THE RIGHT REV. E.
HOSKYNs, D.D.,
NEW BISHOP OF SOUTHWELL.

The death of the Bishop of Carlisle, which took place on Sept. 14, has been greatly regretted in his diocese, where he was much beloved. Dr. Bardsley made his reputation as incumbent of St. Saviour's, Falkner Square, Liverpool, and from that position he was transferred to the bishopric of Sodor and Man. He was a lifelong abstainer and warmly interested in the cause of temperance. He was born in 1835,



Photo. Guigoni and Bossi.
THE BIRTH OF AN HEIR TO THE ITALIAN THRONE: QUEEN ELENA
AND HER DAUGHTERS, THE PRINCESSES YOLANDA AND MAFALDA.

and was a member of a well-known Evangelical family, his father being the Rev. Canon Bardsley, of Manchester.

Bishop Corfe has resigned the missionary see of Korea, and has appointed one of his staff, the Rev. A. B. Turner, to succeed him. Bishop Corfe rendered important service long ago among the bluejackets of the Royal Navy, and was perhaps the most popular Naval Chaplain of his time. His resignation is said to be due, in part at least, to his inability to master the Korean language.

Dr. Don José A. Terry is Minister for Foreign

Right Rev. Hoskyns, accepted the Southwell, Suffragan of is at present engaged on work in Cape. has a con-reputation speaker, as able organ-a man of energy. His included Welwyn Quebec Clement's

AN HEIR TO THE
ITALIAN THRONE.

Italy, like Russia, now rejoices in the birth of an heir to her throne, and the advent of Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, has caused almost as much stir as did that of the Highborn Heir-Apparent, Tsarevitch, and Grand Duke, Alexis Nikolaievitch. King Victor Emmanuel did wisely in avoiding "Prince of Rome" as the title for his son, and the Pope, probably in recognition of the evident desire not to clash with the Church, was one of the first to send congratulations. Queen Elena, one of the beautiful daughters of Nicholas, Prince of Montenegro, married the King of Italy in 1896. Her eldest child, the Princess Yolanda, was born in 1901, eleven months after the accession of her husband; her second, the Princess Mafalda, in 1902. Prince Humbert was born on Sept. 16.

THE TIBET TREATY.

From its Peking correspondent the *Times* has received the text of the draft treaty between the British Government and Tibet. The Tibetans bind themselves to give facilities for trade, to pay an indemnity of half a million sterling in three yearly instalments, and to exclude all foreign influence save that of China, the Suzerain Power, and the Indian Government. On this point the conditions are most precise, and make it very clear that henceforward the foreign relations of Tibet are to be entirely under British control. Until the indemnity is paid, British troops will occupy the Chumbi Valley. At Peking, Chinese opinion is pretty well satisfied with the treaty; but it is reported that the self-exiled Dalai Lama and his Russian adviser are endeavouring to stir up fanaticism in Mongolia. If a horde of Mongols were to invade Tibet, our treaty would not be worth very much. But that contingency is at present remote; and in the meantime the Indian Government has certainly succeeded in making a salutary impression on the Tibetan mind.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE LORD HASTINGS,
SPORTING PEER.

THE CONTRABAND
QUESTION.

The Russian Government is said to have yielded to the arguments of Great Britain and the United States on the question of contraband. In the case of the British steamer *Calchas*, the Prize Court at Vladivostok held that food, coal, cotton, and machinery, consigned to private persons in Japan, were just as much contraband as if they had been ordered by the Japanese Government for the use of its army and navy. This contention has been declared by England and America to be wholly inadmissible. If enforced, it would simply have the effect of destroying all neutral trade in war-time on the ground that trade is beneficial to a belligerent. Russia has a natural bias towards this view, seeing that the exports and imports of Japan have greatly increased since the outbreak of the war. Apparently it is now conceded by Russia that private consignments shall not be treated as contraband, all of which proves that the Tsar's Government is becoming amenable to reason, and is recognising that it is unwise to tamper too much with the international laws it may itself one day desire to quote.

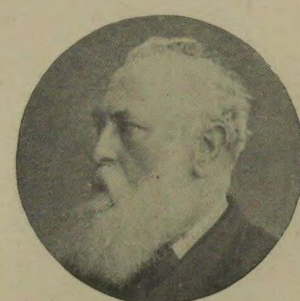


Photo. Russell.
THE LATE COLONEL SIR
EDWIN HUGHES,
FORMER M.P. FOR WOOLWICH.

A NEW ARCTIC
EXPEDITION.

The return of the *Discovery* has aroused in Commander Peary a desire to emulate Captain Scott's dash furthest South by an attempt to penetrate furthest North—to the Pole, if possible. He intends to start next

year, and a special vessel is already being constructed. Cape Sabine will probably be taken as a permanent base; the expedition will then advance to the northern shore of Grant Land, and from there a small pioneer party, travelling by sledges, will start for the Pole. Commander Peary hopes to reach the Pole and return to Grant Land within four months.



Photo. G. Rogers, Urban, Ltd.
COLONEL GAEDKE,
DEPRIVED OF THE RIGHT TO
WEAR UNIFORM.

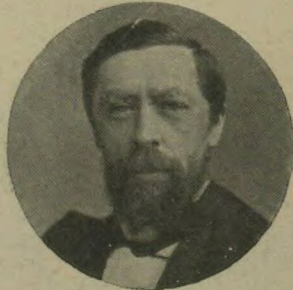


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE RIGHT REV. J. W.
BARDSELEY,
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

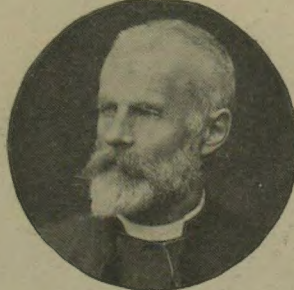


Photo. Russell.
DR. CORFE,
WHO HAS RESIGNED THE BISHOPRIC
OF KOREA.

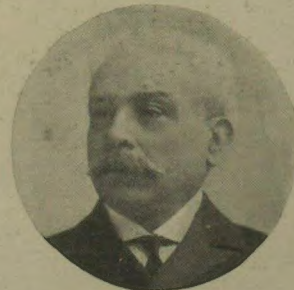


Photo. Spencer.
DR. DON JOSÉ A. TERRY,
MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF
THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

Affairs of the Argentine Republic, and also Minister of Finance. He has been a journalist, and is director of several banks, and author of various works on finance. In a former Administration he was Minister of Finance, and as Argentine Minister to Chili he was instrumental in arranging the many agreements which drew together the two Republics.

AT LASSA, THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF TIBET.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.



THE SCENE OF THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY BETWEEN BRITAIN AND TIBET: THE POTALA (SHOWING ON THE RIGHT THE LING-KOR, OR SACRED WAY).

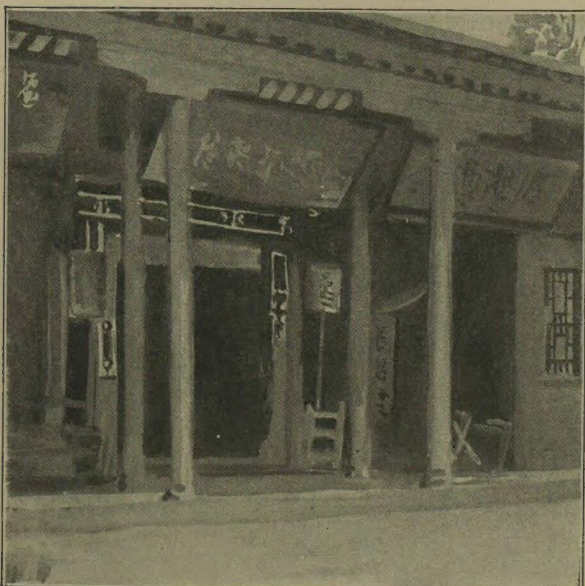


The Tongsa Penlop.

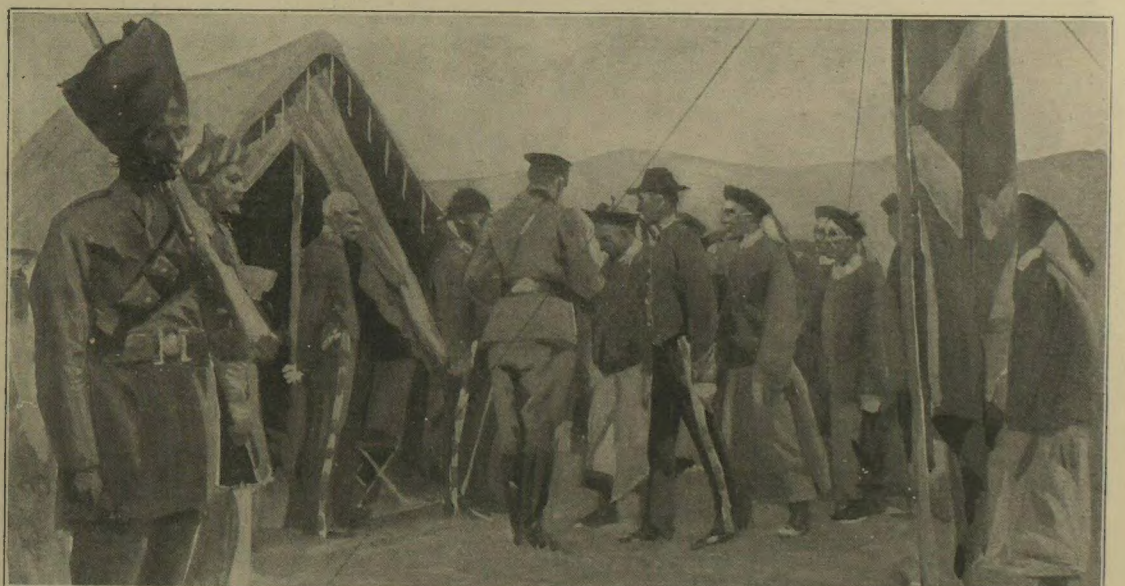
PROMINENT NEGOTIATORS: THE TONGSA PENLOP; KASI, A BHUTANESE REPRESENTATIVE; AND A LAMA.



THE STATE ARRIVAL OF THE AMBAN ON HIS OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE BRITISH CAMP AT LASSA.



COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND'S VISIT TO THE AMBAN: ENTRANCE TO THE DURBAR ROOM OF THE CHINESE RESIDENCY.



BRITAIN AND THE SUZERAIN OF TIBET: THE MEETING BETWEEN COLONEL YOUNGHUSBAND AND THE AMBAN, OR CHINESE RESIDENT.

The Chinese Resident in Lassa visited the British camp on the day of the Expedition's arrival at the city; a compliment that was repaid by Colonel Younghusband's visit to the Chinese Residency on the following day. The Amban showed himself friendly and conciliatory, and, incidentally, displayed interest in the progress of the Russo-Japanese War.



AN "ARMOURED" OMNIBUS.

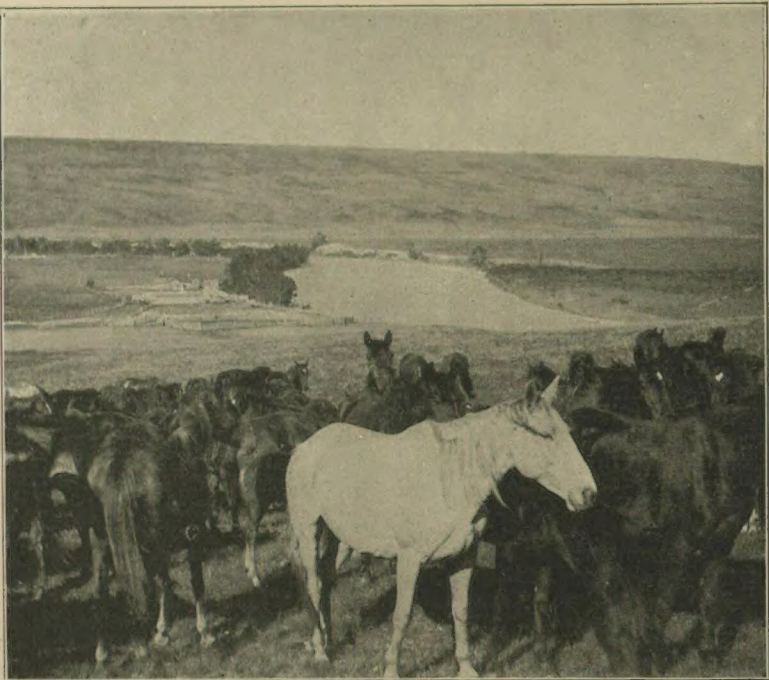
"Armoured" buses are used for the conveyance of "black-legs" to and from the station. Boards protect the windows from stones and other missiles.



'BUSES UNDER ESCORT.

The lack of people in the street through which the buses are passing is explained by the fact that strikers are kept a quarter of a mile from the mill.

THE MILL STRIKE AT ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE: THE PROTECTION OF NON-UNIONIST WORKERS.—[PHOTOS. "TOPICAL" PRESS.]



CANADIAN HORSES FOR THE JAPANESE: CAYUSES, A QUESTIONABLE ACQUISITION.

The Japanese Government is said to be purchasing ponies in Canada. The Cayuses are hardy, but it is questionable whether they are strong enough for work in Manchuria.



Photo. H. R. Everett.

THE FIRST JAPANESE TO ENTER NEWCHWANG: SCOUTS RIDING THROUGH THE TOWN.

The first Japanese scouts passed through the town of Newchwang on July 25. The Russian inhabitants left many Japanese flags flying over their houses, probably in order to prevent brigandage.



THE DEATH OF THE "ZOO'S" GORILLAS: VENUS AND CHLOE.

The two gorillas which arrived recently at the "Zoo" have both succumbed to the rigour of the English climate. Venus died a fortnight after her arrival; Chloe three weeks later.



DISPUTED TERRITORY AT SUNBURY: THE WRECKAGE OF MESSRS. CLARK'S FENCE.

Sunbury Urban District Council sought to prove a right of way by taking down a fence. Disorderly scenes resulted, and attacks on the disputed ground were frequent.

PYX AND HIS IDEAL.

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON.



Illustrated by PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

CHAPTER I.

IN the very heart of England, in that splendid tract of fallow and forest, hill and dale, dominated by Britons who may wear the leaf of the strawberry—was nurtured little Joshua Pyx of the humped shoulders. At six he was the tiny, deformed orphan child of a former schoolmaster of the combined hamlets of Great and Little Alard; at twenty-six he had been four years in his father's shoes. But though his stature had increased to something over five feet seven, while his head was fine and his shoulders were square, his crooked back remained. It had been to him, like so many physical peculiarities, now a benefit, now a nuisance. It had gotten him much tender pity from motherly women and old men, much sheepish wonder from his contemporaries, and much inward rage and despair when, in the race of life, his delicate body failed him. That the laurels of those of his contemporaries who ran and jumped and vaulted and turned somersaults could never be his was so plain a fact to him from his cradle that he seldom let himself brood upon this eternal disadvantage. But when the highest prizes for learning eluded his grasp at the very moment when he felt his fingers touch them, it was a different affair altogether. Books he had loved always, and to books he had been dedicated by the common consent of the little knot of persons who took upon themselves the responsibility of his training for a scholastic calling.

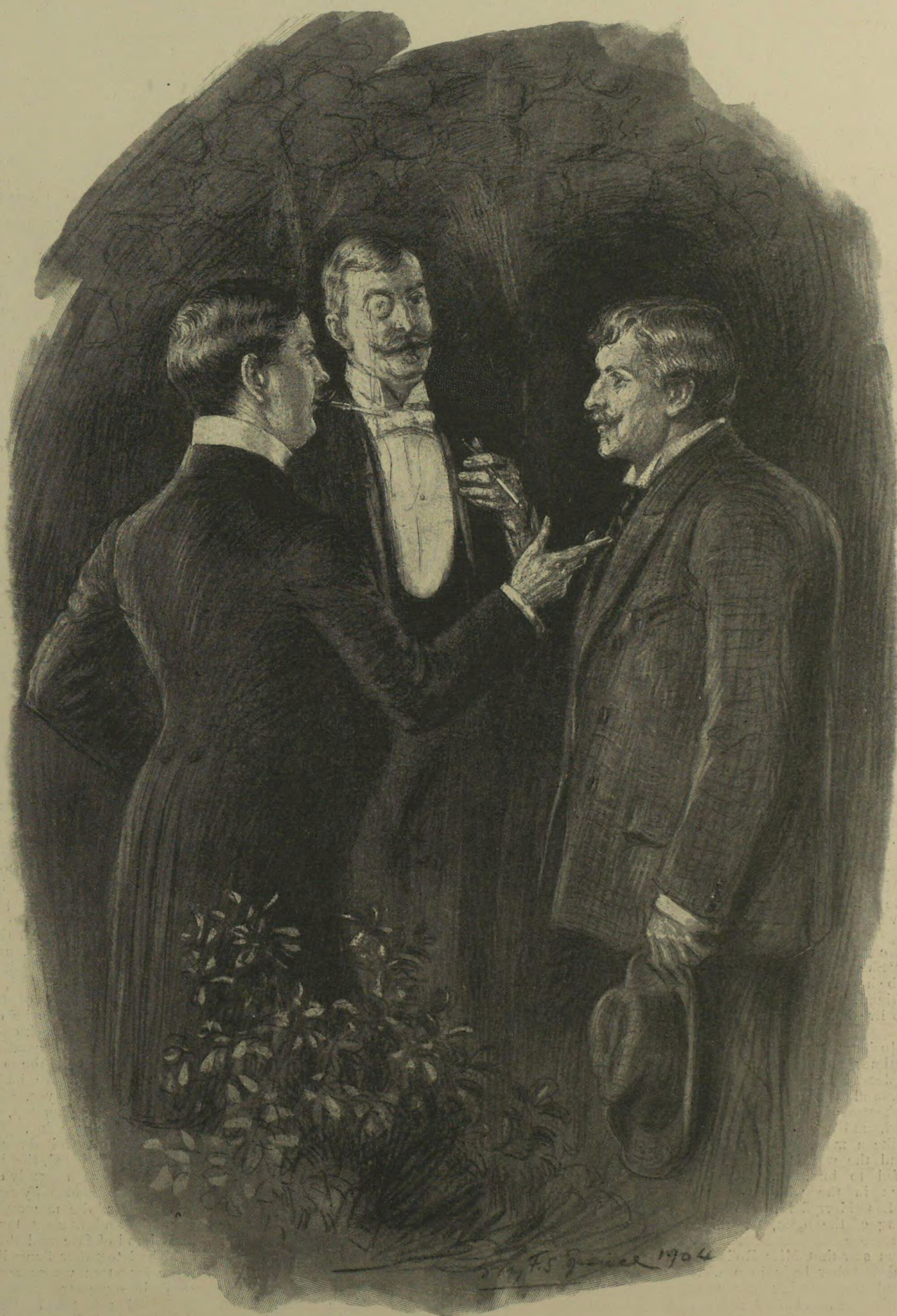
They met in formal conclave over him at the age of ten—his foster-mother, who was the wife of the postmaster of Little Alard; the surgeon, Dr. Best; the Vicar of Great and Little Alard, who was also chaplain of the Castle that lay between the two hamlets; and Miss Merryfield, a spinster of respectable birth, who, though poor, "lived upright," as the villagers say of a person residing in independence, if not in affluence. These persons foregathered by arrangement in the parlour of the housekeeper at Alard Castle, and to them came her Grace of Alard, stout, decided, and jolly of face, her cane tapping the stone floor as she rustled down the passage to the parlour. In their midst was set Joshua Pyx, and there and then they planned his future, as a man of books, and subscribed for his schooling, the Duchess's handsome cheque leading the way.

At first all went well. The boy passed examinations brilliantly, won a University scholarship, and was on the verge of his Oxford life, when brain and body failed from nervous overstrain and aspiration. By the time he struggled back to convalescence, a year later, Fortune had a double blow in store for him. The doctor who gently broke it to him that he would never be fit for any but the quietest country life also put into his hands the first letters which he was allowed to read. Uppermost lay one from good Miss Merryfield, telling him of the sudden death of his beloved patroness,

of the inroad of lawyers, of the discovery that, in spite of all that her Grace had wished and intended, no further provision for Joshua's career had been made, and that it was hard to have access to the heir, who was in the hands of a myriad spongers, on his *largesse*. Joshua set his teeth, defied the doctor, and took work as under-master in a northern city school. He stood it for two years, and then the cold climate, which had nearly killed him twice, sent him creeping back at last to Little Alard to die, as he thought—nay, hoped. The sound of a passing-bell as he neared the village was scarcely likely to contradict such an impression. Presently he learned that the old dominie, his father's successor in the humble little village school, had been found dying in his chair.

In the fragrance of that spring night Joshua climbed the Castle hill to a clearing in the woods, and thought for the hundredth time of life and death, success and failure, of the bigness of a man's ideas and the littleness of his body, of the stretch and pace of his thoughts, and how small and slow they were in the face of the territories of the universe and the speed of the worlds in their orbits. Till that moment he had held very lightly the life which so often had but merely flickered in his pulses. But to-night, in the glory of the spring and the peace of the shadow of the woods and feudal walls of Alard, he felt that life was strong and might become very sweet. He heard the song of the earth to man, as he had heard it in his childish days before the greed for mere learning possessed him. He recognised the dignity to which every man is born, a dignity of sweet correspondence between the body and soul, between labour and the atmosphere of labour. And he knew that in Little Alard he would find that response. He thought with tender regret of the sad changes which had come upon the two hamlets since the death of that fine old optimist the late Lady Paramount. His heart yearned to rescue the children of Little Alard, to keep them from music-hall songs, and betting booths, from idleness and discontent, and to make sturdy natural philosophers and good workmen and workwomen out of them.

A renewed flood of lilac scent reminded him how near he lay to the Castle gardens. He rose abruptly, a plan clear and distinct in his head. He would



"Village school? Why, you're too good for that, Pyx."

go to the Duke—now in residence. The Castle clock tolled eleven. At such an hour his Grace should be smoking over billiards, and in genial mood.

Joshua walked over brick paths, under pleached alleys, and across dewy lawns to the main terrace, and passed under the billiard-room windows, abashed by the sight of many guests and so many bare arms and languorous French costumes. There was the tinkle of a cake-walk tune, abominably played on a superb piano; there were laughter, cackle, and the click of billiard-balls. And then the Duke's voice burst out in petulance—

"Hang it! my wrist's no good to-night—it's too infernally stuffy in here. Come out, Lambert." And he strolled out on to the terrace through a garden-door from the smoking-room.

Joshua stepped boldly out into the light, then greeted the son of his benefactress, and made known his request.

"I thought your Grace would be alone to-night," he concluded, in apology.

"Village school? Why, you're too good for that, Pyx," said Alard genially. "What's the screw? Forty pounds? Good Lord! I'll make it eighty, Pyx. And, I say, I wish you'd see after my books here. The rot is getting at 'em. Rot to rot, you know, and dust to dust—eh, Lambert? All of 'em drivell, and none the least practical use as far as I'm concerned, you know; but my mother liked 'em—and, besides, they're jolly good assets if it comes to a pinch."

"Rather!" assented Captain Lambert cordially.

"I shall be delighted to undertake the care of the library," said Joshua eagerly.

And so it was arranged, and by the time the old dominie was laid to sleep under yews and cypress, Joshua had taken command of a lusty rabble at the village school.

April slipped into May, May into June; and still he desired nothing better than this life of sheer routine in the noonday and the delight of books at night. The Duke was mostly away, but his happy librarian had access to any part of the Castle. Its tradition spoke strongly to him. No more was he distressed by the tinkling of vaudevilles or the click of billiard-balls. Instead, the Alards of the Crusades came to life and strode or glided in and out of the rooms and halls—they and their children, priests, bowmen, grooms, servitors, wenches. He drank deep draughts of Froissart's Chronicles till the Knights of Crecy and Poitiers, of Flanders, Burgundy, Gascony, and Normandy passed in splendid procession before him.

He tried vainly to believe that the shockheads and pigtailed under his care were the descendants of those lusty, vigorous people. Yet how could it be? All the boys slouched, the girls shuffled; round backs, narrow chests, and high shoulders met the eye of Joshua at every turn. The faces about them were the reflection of this physical parvitude. His heart sank again and again as he contrasted the lubberly with the weazen, the puffy with the scraggy, the squab with the minnikin—among his children. "We must have a gymnasium for Little Alard," he wrote to the Duke's man of affairs. But his Grace was away lion-shooting in far countries, and the matter was postponed. One day Joshua went over to Pallerton, the nearest town, and witnessed a public drill competition between local schools. This he watched in jealous excitement. Next market day he went in again, with his own valuable edition of Froissart under his arm. Its place on his bookshelf remained empty, but the next time the carrier called at Little Alard he brought to the schoolhouse a great crate full of wooden bar-bells, long shafts with terminals like dumb-bells, and a parcel of Indian clubs. A little drill-pamphlet explained the use of both. For a week Joshua practised the exercises and learned the words of command for the drill. And, to inspire him, Miss Merryfield cut out of an advertisement of some cereal food or other the photogravure of a modern Samson, whose pectoral and abdominal muscles were a marvel of tension and undulation. She stretched it upon mill-board, framed it in oak, and had it ready for him on the evening of the second day after the bar-bells had been served out to the children. The little gift touched Joshua so that he kissed her thin hand, and made her blush and almost cry. For tears were her only luxury, and they were only used as luxuries should be, on behalf of those she loved.

"There then," she said, "now Josh, dear, don't thank me any more. Here's Miss Rolls wondering whatever it's all about—Miss Elizabeth Rolls—my dear, this is Mr. Pyx." In the window bow Joshua beheld a little young creature, who half rose and then sank back into her seat.

"Miss Rolls has just escaped a bad illness," said Jane Merryfield fussily. "She is in London—bookbinding, you know. She is to be here for a little. Her father, who died, was my oldest friend."

"Isn't it very lovely to live here?" asked Elizabeth, after a pause.

"Very lovely," said Joshua; "only I want things to go a little faster sometimes, and I want my children to have big souls and splendid bodies; and I want a palace of a schoolhouse, and a night school for the farm lads, and a little orchestra of stringed instruments to start a children's band, and a village nurse and—a Duke who looks like a man, and not like . . . like a Strasbourg pie and the way it is made—over-rich, I mean, and stuffed to bursting." At which Elizabeth Rolls lay back in the window-seat and laughed so gaily that Miss Merryfield, who brought in a lamp for the lighting of the room, felt all agog and frivolous.

In the lamplight Joshua saw that Miss Rolls looked pale enough for life to desert her body in a whiff or a puff. She was dark-eyed, and her fair hair was fine and soft. She was under five feet, and most diminutive, but beautifully fashioned and not attenuated, and she moved with ease and rhythm. If he could only get his pigtailed crew to walk as she did, with straight knee, high instep, and toe set down with a little prance

of her skirts! As he went up to his evening's reading in the Castle library next day, he was quite sure that she must, at one time or another, have lived in a tapestry picture on Castle walls, have danced in a galliard, ridden upon a skewbald palfrey with ruby trappings, and carried on her small, grey-gauntleted wrist a white falcon, to be released on a summer's morn from the summit of the Castle hill.

CHAPTER II.

The new sense of comradeship which the advent of Elizabeth Rolls conferred upon the schoolmaster was as delicious as it was unexpected. He told her all his dreams for Little Alard, and in return learned all about her solitary London drudgery. When he thought of it, he wondered that so vibrant a creature with so small a frame could live and labour in the great roaring city which he was forbidden to face. A few days ago, at the close of her fortnight's freedom, she had made preparations to return, but seemed so little fitted for work that Miss Merryfield insisted that a doctor's certificate should be sent to Elizabeth's employers and an extra week's leave requested. Elizabeth had yielded reluctantly. "If they are angry and put someone else in my place as designer and teacher," she argued, "it means that I shall never get work from them again." Miss Merryfield comforted her, the doctor reassured her, and the lines of apprehension faded from her face. This last week of the three, at any rate, should be the crown of holiday. The weather favoured it. May had been warm; the first fortnight of June set in with midsummer fierceness. Hitherto he had carried on his bar-bell evolutions inside the school-house with open windows, directly after prayers and roll-call. Now, he thought it would be well to wait till nearly sundown, and drill in the school-yard all the children who lived in the village or near enough to return after tea to the school-house.

The school stood at the base of a hill, along which ran the high road to Pallerton, a road intersected at this corner of the village by another road. Since the school-yard was only girdled by a low wall, the evolutions of the children would be carried on in full view of passers-by and residents. He marched them out, and picked out a row of the best boys and girls for the front rank.

"Shon!" called the schoolmaster, and at last fifty pairs of hobnailed boots clicked in a confused fashion.

"Again!" he commanded. This time the arms went up a little more regularly, and the boots shuffled a little less on the gravel of the yard.

"First exercise!"

Up went a crooked line of bars.

"No, no!" called the schoolmaster. "Look at me, children. Now!"

Up went the crooked bars again. And again it happened, till Joshua grew exasperated, and commanded the substitution of Indian clubs.

The shadow of the school-house slanted across the yard, and made it cool. The towers of the Castle glowed in the sinking sun, and the high-road ran grey and cool over the hill. People on their way up and down it were arrested by the stir at the corner, and an audience gathered apace. Jane Merryfield and her guest, on their way home from a walk, stopped also, and watched, leaning over the wall. About a stile on the opposite side of the road the loafing lads of the place clustered. They made stifled loutish jokes, and now and then sent forth a cat-call to encourage the children. Elizabeth Rolls turned round more than once to awe them; but they were not silent long. The schoolmaster, however, never heeded them. He was growing altogether too annoyed to notice anything, and only after twenty minutes did he become aware of the presence of friends. Then an idea struck him. Perhaps it was only musical rhythm which the boys and girls needed to discipline their movements. If he could have the school piano dragged out . . . ! He ordered a halt and went indoors.

"My dear," said Jane Merryfield to her companion—"my dear, Joshua doesn't understand. Hadn't we better tell him? But I can't think how it is he doesn't understand. Of course, the dear children copy him—his poor back! It's too cruel! And those wicked farm lads there! There he is coming to us—Elizabeth, I must tell him!"

"Miss Merryfield," said Elizabeth, very pale, "Miss Merryfield, I forbid you to say anything to Mr. Pyx." Elizabeth's little hand held Jane's summer tippet as in a vice. Elizabeth's breath was short, and Elizabeth's voice had the incisiveness of a staff colonel's order for the charge. "Wait," continued Elizabeth, softening her voice, but without relaxing her grip on the tippet, "wait, please; don't do anything desperate, dear."

Joshua leaned over the wall with a winning smile.

"I wish I had not such an awkward squad to show you," he said; "but they shall improve. I have just been wondering if Miss Merryfield would play a tune or two for us to keep them steady. I have got the piano as far as the open door leading into the yard, where we can all hear the rhythm. Do you mind, Miss Merryfield?" She hurried to her post with alacrity, puzzling over Elizabeth's veto, and in a delicious state of confusion and hope.

Then Elizabeth Rolls leaned over the wall, and spoke low and very shyly.

"Mr. Pyx, may I help you too? I know a good many of those exercises. I learnt them once—when I had time to go to a gymnasium. I could show the children, and you could drill us all."

"It would be simply delightful," said Joshua.

She smiled, and took her place facing the children, and the clubs were swung to the "March of the Marionettes," the only march that Jane knew. Then Pyx called for a change to three-time, and she plunged into the air of "Farewell and Goodbye to you all, Spanish ladies," which she turned from the minor into the gay major. For full forty minutes the drill

continued, and the schoolmaster watched with satisfaction the effect of Elizabeth's graceful, neat movements upon his little horde. He would have let them continue for ever if she had not begun to look exhausted. Then bar-bells and clubs were put away, the yard emptied, and the loungers drifted home. The evening postman passed the school just as the three friends were at its door. He put a letter bearing the London postmark into Elizabeth's hand. She opened it, and walked on a few paces ahead to read it. It occurred to Jane that the present was a good opportunity for broaching the theme which so distressed her.

"Dear Joshua," she began tremulously—"don't you think it would be better if—"

A little exclamation from Elizabeth cut her short.

"Miss Merryfield!" cried Elizabeth hurriedly—oh! . . . I do want to speak to you. I've had a letter from the people for whom I work. Perhaps, if we hurry, I could stop the man, and ask him to take a letter to post in Pallerton."

She turned a pale, distressed face, and Jane hurried to her.

"Joshua, you will come in to-night," she called over her shoulder; "come in to supper. It's Elizabeth's last evening here, you know."

Elizabeth's last evening! The notion gave Joshua quite a shock. It was the heart of summer, and his world seemed so complete. He resented acutely this hold of London upon Elizabeth.

When he arrived later at Miss Merryfield's he found her absent and supper postponed. She kept him waiting quite half an hour, and came down flurried and distressed.

"Elizabeth is not coming down to supper," she explained. "I am afraid she has one of her worst headaches again. Perhaps she will sit out in the garden a little later. I always leave her to herself. She has had bad news about her work. I am afraid, Joshua, that that firm has filled up her place. It's wicked! She has been working down here as much as the doctor would let her. And she hasn't had a holiday for nearly three years, ever since she began. It's abominable of them!"

She prattled on through supper, alternately indignant and pathetic, while Joshua ate in a dream, and felt as if both the Alards were topsy-turvy. Presently he leaned over the table and suddenly took the old lady's hand.

"Miss Merryfield, couldn't we keep Elizabeth here?" he asked steadily.

"I've tried," she answered tearfully, "but she says she will go back to-morrow and get other work."

"You mustn't allow it," returned Joshua calmly, as he rose to open the door for her.

"Mustn't, indeed!" twittered Jane, whom excitement had rendered almost peevish; "how am I going to prevent it, Joshua?"

"I don't know. But in any case I will," he replied stoutly.

"Well, really," retorted Jane, sinking helplessly into a chair; "really, Joshua, I think it's about time you came to your senses."

Joshua stared at her for a moment, walked up and down the room twice, and then stood at the window with his back to his friend.

"Do you think you could coax Elizabeth downstairs just now?" he asked.

"I'll go and see," replied Miss Merryfield softly. She actually skipped upstairs, but she scurried down again, bewildered and tremulous.

"She's not there—she must have gone out somewhere. What shall we do?"

"I am going to think," replied Joshua. "I will come back presently."

He strolled along the little brick-paved path, and out of the gate, and up the road between thatched eaves and high walls canopied with chestnuts and walnuts, until he came to the place where the street widened because the principal inn, The Reformation, was set further back than the other houses, and partially screened by its outstanding line of pollarded limes. Under these was a well-worn seat. Joshua rested there because his world was still topsy-turvy, and it seemed to him—as if the bench were the only tangible support for the moment. In the old inn-yard there was a considerable noise from a group of young boys who were teasing a puppy, and in the bar a phonograph was uttering sounds faintly resembling a German band. But Joshua rested in the cool, fragrant dark, blissfully unconscious of it all, thanks to the steady wheeze of the phonograph, which blurred all human sounds. Things physical and things spiritual pressed upon him. All the dreams of love which other men dream in youth, and which have their counterpart in flesh and blood, he had dreamed only, as it were, at second-hand, and embodied only in the life and movement of tapestry and chronicle. But through his altruism he could at least touch humanity indirectly, and so seek one part of that perfect romance of life which his conditions denied to him. Now, all of a sudden, the other half of life opened its door upon him. He looked into it for the first time through his own eyes, yet still he felt himself only a beggar on the doorstep, not a dweller in the courts of love and intimate joy. Even his choice of books had been sternly controlled and directed by the same instinct. The poets he loved, the historians and romanticists he adored, had been stoutly chosen to that same end. But in his mind the memory remained like a bleached growth in darkness, the memory of certain lovely couplets in roundels and ancient love songs. And now that the high hand of fate and the exasperation of Jane Merryfield had together flung light upon them, the flowers of these forgotten verses sprang into colour, even as the words in some strange way acquired personal meaning. He could not tell in the least why. He only knew that Elizabeth Rolls filled his mind, and that the bare thought of her unhappiness was a sort of reproach to himself. Elizabeth Rolls—so young and so vital, so manifestly built for ecstasy, and yet torn, equally with

the ill-favoured and the morose, by the conflict of mere existence! He closed his eyes, and overheard those sweet fancies and thoughts of the poets who had dwelt courageously upon the ideal of such creatures as Elizabeth. Among these singers, the one who spoke the loudest was the one whom Joshua had always honoured best, because in these poems the chivalry and love were inextricably woven. Vaguely the superscription of the verse hovered before him: "What Tongue can her Perfection tell?"

How the Graces doe impart
To all her limmes a special grace . . .
How all this is but a faire inne
Of fairer guests which dwell therein.

The grace and dignity of the Elizabethan diction seemed singularly fitted to this little girl in this little country place. "A faire inne" most truly she seemed, a beautiful hostel for the weary and the dull traveller, in which for three weeks Joshua had found delight, nor guessed the truth of this struggle that lay behind her, the stress to come, or the unending spiritual strain of the life into which she had been tossed. What way out of it could he show her? Only the life of Great and Little Alard and something that was more than the comradeship of the last three weeks. And how but in one way could he offer this to Elizabeth? There was

where people had clustered unheeded, the white ascending highway and the cross-road which met it. Then he saw those pairs of shuffling feet and those fifty little faces upturned in patient, stupid obedience to him, Joshua Pyx, who stood in sight of all passers-by from the four corners of the compass—the zany setting himself up as an ideal, the blind leading the blind, the crooked who would make the straight even as himself. And if these countrymen had seen it, then Elizabeth must have perceived it ten times more quickly, more keenly. He rose, and began to walk away stealthily, like a creature wounded unto death. He reached the end of the group of limes, and then stopped dead, for Elizabeth Rolls passed him swiftly, nor saw him in shadow, but shot abruptly between the trees and stepped into the lane of light between bench and inn door. It seemed as if she sprang at the fellow who made sport for the rest, for the stick flew from his hands and went whizzing through the lower branches of a lime before it fell in the grey, starlit road.

Then she stood back to regain her breath, and looked round the circle ere her words burst out.

"You great lubberkin louts, you! You, calling yourselves Englishmen, how can you say such things and do such things? I've heard every word. I've never wanted to be a man till now—and now I'd like

"When did you come out here?" said Elizabeth sharply.

"I have been here for some time," he answered. "What does it matter? That sort of thing is bound to happen. I was very stupid—I forgot, you know. I was thinking of the children, you see. I don't trouble much with a looking-glass . . . I forgot."

He ended with a harsh little laugh. Elizabeth suddenly jerked her hand away from him. It went up to her face. She stopped, and turned aside as if she must be alone. They had come just opposite the school-yard; they were by the stile where the loafers had clustered. She leaned against it, hiding her face.

"I simply cannot bear you to laugh like that, or talk like that," she said.

"And I simply cannot bear your pity," he said passionately; "the other thing I can stand. Brutishness is in the nature of some people, and it is an ingredient of life. And pity also—but your pity I decline to bear."

Her silence frightened him. He went up to the stile, and put his hand upon her shoulder.

"Elizabeth!"

"I don't want to speak to you," she said huskily. "Please go away."

"Why?"

"Because you hurt me. How dare you?" She



Up went a crooked line of bars.

no other, he knew well. And this one way seemed impossible. To link perfection with imperfection, grace with uncouthness, was an act of cruelty. It was not just even to give her the choice of it. . . . So "faire an inne"!

A louder burst of laughter than usual greeted some sally in the bar of The Reformation behind him, and there was clumsy movement and some cuffing. The noise broke in roughly upon Joshua's thoughts. Then someone shut off the phonograph, and the conversation became clearer.

"Lord! Wi' his hinkety shoulder an' his clump, ut was sport to see!" called one yokel.

"Yon's a zany," gurgled another; "un ought to travel wi' a circus."

"Yon's not the teacher for my boys," said another, bringing down a fist with a thump. "A zany to teach Christians hoo to drill, lads—ut isn't my way o' thinking."

"Show us hoo th' maaster did ut," shouted another.

"Gi' us your stick, man," returned the first speaker.

Steps lurched out into the space in front of the inn, and the light was full upon the lad with the stick, who mimicked the exercise with the bar-bells. Roars of laughter greeted his gestures. Joshua sat on the bench as if turned to stone. Its high back rendered him invisible to the men behind the rows of limes whose shadow mercifully sheltered him. He saw before him the school-yard, all in cool shadow, the stile opposite,

to be one for half an hour so that I could lay a whip across your great slouching backs. Zany, indeed! you ought to be put in a cage, the whole lot of you, with your gross bodies and your muddled heads, and shown to all the county as prize idiots. Do you think your children are going to get straight backs and clean minds from creatures like you? You think I don't know you in the dark because I'm a stranger here, but I do. You, Tom Gerridge, and you, Mat Aldworth, and you, and you—" she scanned the slouching circle scornfully—"what have you done to help the children? Do you ever work for them, think for them, live for them, as the master does? Do you ever teach them how to play as well as learn and live? To-morrow, when they drill up at the school, I'll have a policeman to look after you. If I were a man I'd do it myself. You cowards! Get home with you! Go!"

She pointed to the road. The chief offender slouched away. Some of his companions went back to the bar, the rest disappeared with confused murmur and protest. The inn-door closed roughly. All was silence where before there had been din, and Elizabeth passed as swiftly as before between the boles of the limes. She gave a little cry of confusion as Joshua stepped forward to her in the road. He went up to her and put her hand on his arm. He could not tell which of them was trembling so greatly.

They turned in silence down the road and walked the length of the main street, meeting no one.

turned from the stile suddenly and stood erect in challenge.

"I don't know," said Joshua humbly, "but there are things, Elizabeth, which are more than I can bear just now."

"If you like to make me unhappy," she retorted, "simply by imagining . . ."

That sentence was never finished. He burst in upon it.

"Like? Why, you're made for happiness, Elizabeth. That's all I have been thinking about all the time. But how can I get it for you? If you could tell me how I could find it for you it would be so much easier, so much more just—don't you see! Do you think, dear, you could bring yourself to say what you wish? I will do anything you like. The world is easier to win for someone else than for oneself. I would help you in every way. And if it means that you will go away from Little Alard . . . and from me, after all, don't be afraid to tell me at once, because, Elizabeth, I have learnt . . ."

Elizabeth looked up in the starlight, and saw that which every girl desires to see at one time or another in her life—the face of a man who understands love and sacrifice, and puts life and death side by side; and in the face the shining beauty of eyes which can not only see both life and death steadily, but also dream dreams, ay—and discern their fulfilment.

THE END.



ROMANTIC DRAMA IN THE OLD HOME OF MELODRAMA: "THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD" AT THE ADELPHI—ACT II.
SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.

Admiral Sir L. Beaumont. Dr. Koettlitz. Mr. A. B. Kempe. Captain Scott. Sir Clements Markham. Lieutenant Armitage. Admiral Sir E. Fremantle. Lieutenant Royds.



FROM FURTHEST SOUTH: THE LUNCHEON TO THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE "DISCOVERY" AT THE EAST INDIA DOCKS, SEPTEMBER 16.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, PERCY F. S. SPENCE.

The official welcome extended to the explorers by the Admiralty, the City fathers, and the learned societies, took the form of a luncheon in one of the sheds of the East India Docks, decorated for the occasion. In reply to various speeches, Captain Scott said that the award of the Arctic medal had been deeply gratifying to the whole of the ship's company, and regretted that the parting of the ways had now come—"the sad time of breaking up the small community which for three years had been a very happy one."

DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS: THE RENEWAL OF THE EXCAVATION OF HER TEMPLE.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



RESULTS OF PREVIOUS WORK ON THE SITE AT EPHESUS

1. & 2. RESTORATIONS OF THE TEMPLE OF DIANA AT EPHESUS BY MR. A. S. MURRAY, THE BLACK PORTIONS OF THE PLAN IN FIG. 1 MARKING THE ONLY REMAINS FOUND IN POSITION.
3. SCENE OF MR. J. T. WOOD'S EXCAVATIONS IN 1871, SHOWING THE REMAINS OF THE BASE OF COLUMN MARKED "A" IN PLAN.—[From Photographs.]
4. COIN OF HADRIAN, ABOUT 120 A.D., SHOWING TALL SCULPTURED DRUMS OF COLUMNS SIMILAR TO THAT DISCOVERED IN MR. WOOD'S EXCAVATIONS.

5. RESTORATION OF PART OF COLUMN FROM THE EARLIER TEMPLE OF DIANA, DISCOVERED UNDER THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE LATER TEMPLE ERRECTED ON THE SAME SITE.

According to Herodotus, this former Temple owed most of its columns to the munificence of Croesus, whose dedication appears below the sculptured drum, 550 B.C. The columns of these two Temples are the only known instances of such sculptured drums, and it is noteworthy that they occur before and after the great Parthenon period.

6. SCULPTURED DRUM AND PIER OF A COLUMN FROM THE TEMPLE OF DIANA, GENERALLY SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A VERSION OF THE STORY OF ALCESTIS, 350 B.C.

7. DOOR-JAMB OF ST. LUKE'S TOMB, ACCIDENTALLY DISCOVERED BY MR. WOOD NEAR THE MAGESIAN GATE AT EPHESUS.

The excavations on the site of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, discontinued in 1871, are to be resumed by the authorities of the British Museum. The Sultan of Turkey has issued an Imperial Irade giving the necessary permission.

NEW FICTION & OTHER WRITINGS

Double Harness. By Anthony Hope. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)
Tommy and Co. By Jerome K. Jerome. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)
Lindley Kays. By Barry Pain. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Perils of Sympathy. By Nina Stevens. (London: Fisher Unwin. 6s.)
Ordered to China: Letters of Wilbur J. Chamberlin. (London: Methuen. 6s.)
The Cathedrals of Northern France. By Francis Miltoun. (London: P. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)
Devils. By J. Charles Wall. (London: Methuen. 4s. 6d. net.)

It would not be difficult to convict Mr. Anthony Hope, on evidence selected from "Double Harness," of writing a novel with the horrid purpose of disclosing the "real truth" about the married state. He has the private concerns of six couples under observation; he has pinned those mysterious conferences between wives, known to the flippant as "married whispers," to paper with clairvoyant insight; he has taken the intimate affairs of each family—and some of them are very intimate indeed—and contrasted them deftly one with another. The ease with which this has been done exhibits an established literary dexterity to great advantage: it is a juggling feat—knife-throwing extraordinary by a professor of the art. It would have been very simple (irresistible to some writers) to use the plan of the book as an instrument wherewith to castigate a prosperous section of society; to point a moral, in short, with the ample material to hand. Mr. Hope's method is broader, less obvious, and incomparably more artistic. "Double Harness" represents, we think, the highest level to which he has yet attained; it is full of appreciation, full of clear-seeing and wit and living characters, and its purpose is still an earnest one, though the author modestly leaves his audience to draw their own deductions. The chief characters are Grantley Imason and his young wife, Sibylla, the clash of whose uncongenial dispositions leads them to a situation so grim that we may as well confess not even Mr. Hope's persuasion has quite convinced us of its credibility. It is, too, difficult to believe that a husband who would have killed himself and his little son, and the wife who was willing to precipitate these horrors knowingly by throwing herself into the arms of another man, could ever feel quite comfortable in their reunion. The other couples, in situations less strained though not less engrossing, are far more natural. Lady Harriet Courtland, whose insane outbursts of fury drive her husband to ruin, and who is, in a friend's drawing-room, a "handsome, fair woman" with a quiet manner, is a masterly piece of work; and the slight sketch of her three luckless children is extraordinarily vivid. Mr. Hope has left the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" a long way behind him here, and followed "The Intrusions of Peggy" with a much finer novel.

Very alert and amusing are the seven pieces which compose Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new volume, "Tommy and Co." They are not short stories in the sense that they stand independently—though, with considerable diminution of their interest, they might be read so. The title correctly indicates their connection. They pivot upon Tommy, the figure with the bright eyes and purposeful chin—was he a girl or was she a boy?—who invaded Mr. Peter Hope's rooms, demanding to be his housekeeper, and ended by becoming his indispensable sub-editor. As the characters of the story revolve round Tommy, so the scene of their adventures is a short radius from the old Mitre in Chancery Lane. Most things in the book are related somehow to Fleet Street—a Fleet Street seen through the eyes of a sentimental humorist who is not blind to its mean-nesses, yet, on the whole, has found it very good. There are writers who take Fleet Street for their subject, and contrive to make it the smallest province in the world. There are others who never get beyond its borders, even when they are seeking the farthest corners of the earth. Mr. Jerome is in nowise provincial, though his countryside is a small one, lying at our own doors. His humour appeals to all, for its light touch passes over a wide range of feeling—from the farce of Mr. William Clodd, whose fortunes as a newspaper proprietor were founded on the legacy left him by Mrs. Postwhistle's mad lodger, to the tragedy of Dick Danvers, who wished to die to his viler self before he had paid his reckoning, but was lucky enough nevertheless to talk over that piece of business successfully with the sub.—in other words, with Tommy. A great deal of wisdom lurks unassumingly in these kindly and amusing pages.

The jester out of office is, as we all know, a serious man. Mr. Barry Pain, as the author of "Lindley Kays," has a very sober outlook upon the development and fruition of a clever lad; he avoids exaggeration and lurid colouring with the greatest persistence at the outset, and he has put in the local colour in the early chapters with a fidelity that is as minute as it is painstaking. The result is naturally a very good story, in spite of a rather cheap and uneven ending. It begins in the Evangelical ironmonger's house in a provincial town, and closes with the love and fortune that came to that ironmonger's younger son after he had found his level in a wider world. Lindley Kays' boyhood is described with so much sympathetic skill that we were very sorry when, about halfway through the book, he blossomed into an undergraduate. The solitary schoolboy who spent the bulk of his spare time at the railway-station and who lived in a region of his own, outside which the grown-ups seemed to exist in an aggressive union, is the human boy; and worth the human parent's close attention. The end of the book shows signs of carelessness; for example, Sir Henry Marisland becomes Sir Charles before his death leaves Lindley's child-love a convenient widow. It almost looks as if Mr. Pain, who was so fresh and conscientious at the beginning, regretted, too, the growth of boy to man, and was a little impatient to get rid of the character once he had brought it to maturity. But it is a good book for all that, and it grips the reader.

It is a matter of taste, of course; but we must confess that a brimming plot and an appreciation of types and local colour leave us cold when they are handled by the amateur—whom we may define to be a person who has skipped the troubles of probation. We remember the pains with which Stevenson wrought his "delicate inlay"; the self-prescribed, painful 'prenticeship of all true craftsmen; and it is difficult to avoid exasperation at the light-heartedness with which the author of "The Perils of Sympathy" has entered the literary workshop. Her book contains a very fair story, and she is not lacking in ingenuity; her imagination, in fact, is probably above the average, and there is no doubt that her details of Anglo-Indian life have been minutely considered: but it is the assumption that these things are sufficient without the "infinite pains" that trips her up. She has not, we think, experienced the sensations of the artist who, having stood back from his canvas and agonised over its crudities, sets doggedly to work to scrape out and remodel and obliterate, in the vain hope of satisfying the unappeasable inner tyrant. Miss Stevens' ambition would seem to be, at the most, to write a light novel; and if she has looked for examples to follow, she has been content to find them among the hangers-on, the facile scribblers, and not in the high company of the masters of an art. It is just probable that if she turns her attention to the great, and has the discernment to read their labours behind their apparent ease, she may yet, speaking in the literary sense, find that she can write.

If the contributions of the late Wilbur J. Chamberlin to the *New York Sun* were as bright and diverting as the letters that he wrote to his wife, it is easy to understand the high esteem in which he was held by that journal. But it is one thing to manufacture "copy" of the kind that is acceptable to an American newspaper, and another to express one's self with the simple directness and genial humour that are appropriate to the family circle. While we can form no opinion of Mr. Chamberlin's journalistic style, it is a pleasure to recognise the natural vivacity and lively observation that help to give piquancy to his home-letters. They are full of the individual character of which the most lovable side must necessarily be suppressed in public—even in America; and they are so devoid of any effort to produce "copy," that one would never suspect the author of being a special correspondent. It was in this capacity that he went to China on behalf of the *Sun* at the time of the Boxer rising, landing there after the arrival of the European troops, and closely following the negotiations for a settlement. Much that he observed and narrated in his unofficial capacity has a permanent interest in connection with these historical events, and his notes on such matters as the devastation wrought in Peking, the state of Port Arthur, the differences of European Ministers among themselves and with the Chinese Government, have a more serious significance than the general tenor of the book.

In an extravagantly wordy "Apologia," Mr. Miltoun considers that it is worse to be swallowed in oblivion than to be perverted to what he calls an "inutile end," and describes his book as an attempt "to set forth in attractive and enduring form certain facts and realities." It is really a mixture of book of travel, guide-book, history, and study of architecture, and by trying to include too much the writer destroys any value his simply told personal impressions might have possessed. Where the history of the Roman occupation of a site had influenced the building of a cathedral upon it, there might have been some excuse for the page devoted to it, but where in its general character the building is not Romanesque, in a book of this limited size the wasted space is only one of the kinds of padding that pervade the volume. In the eight pages devoted to St. Gatien de Tours, there are references to Henry James and Balzac, but no mention of the beautiful little singing gallery with its spiral staircase outside the North Porch of the Cathedral. It is true the church of St. Etienne du Mont at Paris is not a pure piece of Gothic, but it may not correctly be described as Renaissance, and to call it an offensive example of that style shows no liberality of judgment. But the author's taste is no more trustworthy. The celebrated tapestries at Reims belong to a comparatively late period, and, however admirable in colour and texture, are rather over-pictorial and florid, and certainly not of the "finest quality of design."

The writer of this popular treatise on the most awful of spiritual personalities has divided his work into several parts. Of these the least adequate, the most disappointing, is that with which the book opens, entitled simply "Devils." Here the author has followed no fixed plan, and he treats his subject, even on the first page, with tiresome and ill-judged facetiousness. Thus, we are given a quotation from a French fourteenth-century miracle play, and taken on to the Talmudist theory of the Evil One, and so to the modern nursery-maid who threatens her charges with "the Black Man," or "the Bogie." Really curious and instructive, on the other hand, is the chapter containing the varied nomenclature by which the Devil is known in different countries. Of these names, perhaps the most vivid is that originated by Tertullian of "God's Ape"—a term which became general among the early Christians. Another very expressive nickname for the Father of All Ill was "The Map of Malice." Mr. Wall has done all that was possible in the limited space at his disposal to deal with "The Devil in Art"; and among the many illustrations, which really give a permanent value to the book, is an excellent reproduction of a mediæval miniature showing the Beast of the Apocalypse. Incidentally are given the names of most of the places in the United Kingdom which legend connects with Satan—in fact, in every county the Devil has his bridge, pulpit, arrows, quoits, throat, caldron, staircase, pit, or pool.

CORELLI FURIOSA.

Is it possible that, after all, Miss Marie Corelli fears the reviewers? About a decade ago (if our memory serves us aright), she issued her defiant manifesto to the tribe of critics, and from that time forth, we understood, she was to do without their adventitious aid to fame. Her reputation, or circulation, whichever it be, was considered so surely established that even if an unappreciative, spiteful, and venal press never alluded to her work, this novelist would continue, in the commercial traveller's phrase, "to do very well." Since then she has not hesitated, as she deemed necessity to arise, to pour shrill contempt in obvious epigram upon reviewers, who doubtless made haste to hide their diminished heads. But other times other manners, and now in her latest book, or rather its preface, Miss Corelli has passed from imprecation to supplication. Behold, she prayeth! and to whom? To none other than the GENTLE REVIEWER, whom she implores in a verbose parody of the Litany and in large capitals to show her mercy.

Of that conviction which the theologians consider the necessary prelude to conversion Miss Corelli gives edifying evidence. "For all sins" she pleads for mercy, and, conscious of her own shortcomings, she enumerates and particularises them in a lengthy catalogue. The errors she recognises are—

Sins of omission or non-omission [= commission], of construction or non-construction, of conformity or non-conformity, of crudity or complexity, of diffuseness or dullness, of expression or of method, of inception or conception, of sequence or sequel, of singularity or individuality—

After this breathless and headlong list, Miss Corelli, showing mercy even as she asks it, and in a truly Christian spirit, interposes a comma and a dash, for the space of which the reader braces himself to meet the next onset, which comes with no less vehemence—

Likewise for all errors, whether technical and pertaining to the printer, or literary and pertaining to the author, and for everything imaginable or unimaginable that may be found commendable or uncommendable, pleasing or displeasing, aggravating or satisfying in this humble love-story, for which no man will be the wiser and no woman the worse,

GENTLE REVIEWER, BE MERCIFUL UNTO ME!

AND—

The great co-ordinating conjunction, standing in its awful loneliness, prepares us for further solemn outpourings of penitence, and although shrinking (with a humanity strange in a critic), from the spectacle of a Woman's abject and ruthless anatomy of her own failings, we steel ourselves to read on. The pathos deepens as the litany continues—

From wilful misquotations— from sentences garbled, and randomly set forth to the public without context, continuation, or conclusion, in attempt to do injury to both the story and its writer—

At this point the reader rubs his eyes. Can this be confession and supplication? Does Miss Corelli then wilfully misquote, garble sentences and randomly set the same forth to the public without context, continuation, or conclusion in attempt to do injury to both (note "to both") the story and its writer? This is humility with a vengeance, surely? But a closer examination of the context makes it clear that the mood of the writer has changed. She is no longer the suppliant (except in form), but the satirist, and the offences from which she now prays to be delivered are not her own, but her enemies'. In a phrase, and that a vulgar one, Miss Corelli is getting a bit of her own back. While she invokes deliverance she subtly characterises the misdeeds of her tormentors in terms that cannot but impress her votaries with a deep and abiding sense of the wrongs she has suffered at the hands of crass and dishonest men and women. Who these are we are not suffered to remain in doubt, for the litany proceeds with these wild and whirling words—

From the novel-skimmer's epitome, abridgment, synopsis, or running commentary—and from the objective analysis of literary-clique stylists and other distinguished persons who, by reason of their superior intellectuality to all the rest of the world, are always able and more than ready to condemn a book without reading it,

MAY AN HONEST PRESS DELIVER ME!

There, the murder is out! "Hell holds no Fury"—the end of the tag will occur to everybody. It may not so readily occur to everybody why Miss Corelli, having long ago definitely washed her hands of diabolical reviewers and all their works, should now "waste eddication," as Pat said to his pig when it tried to read the milestone, in this withering outburst. "No reason can be assigned for the rash act," as the reporters say of suicide. But one comfort remains: we had fancied that Miss Corelli did not believe in the existence of an honest Press. We own ourselves mistaken, and rejoice to note the direction of the appeal in the second portion of the prayer. It will certainly not go unanswered as far as this Journal is concerned.

Yet it seems a pity that Miss Corelli has permitted her austere Muse this indulgence in scarcely covert recriminations. Her original position yielded so many compensations and consolations. Although for many years no great volume of critical trumpetings has heralded her successive volumes she sat serene above it all, secure of a huge and devoted following in palace and cottage. To these the clack of "literary-clique stylists" and that fearful engine of theirs, "objective analysis," were mere foolishness. Miss Corelli's triumph was achieved by her own peculiar quality and efficiency. She rowed her own weight. Her ringing truisms went straight to the heart of her understanding public, who asked for more, which was never denied. To see Miss Corelli descend from the peaks of her assured greatness to the depths of this further acknowledgment of the critic's existence must surely have added yet another woe to the sorrows of Satan.

A HUMAN LADDER: ESCALADING A FORT AT PORT ARTHUR.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.



A PYRAMID OF JAPANESE SOLDIERS HELD AT BAY BY A SINGLE RUSSIAN OFFICER.

One of the batteries before Port Arthur was encircled by a high wall, which the Japanese attempted to escalate by forming the human pyramid, an evolution practised by our own troops in a modified form, and recently exhibited on the London stage by certain Italian Chasseurs. The story goes that at Port Arthur the Russian Captain Lebedief took his stand, with sword and revolver, on the coping-stone of the wall. He repelled three assaults, and killed or wounded twenty-two Japanese. After the third assault, the gallant Captain sank down utterly exhausted, and was killed by a shell.

A F T E R T H E A S S A U L T .

DRAWN BY GEORGE S. J. L.



THE JAPANESE SEEKING THEIR WOUNDED BY SEARCHLIGHT AFTER AN ATTACK UPON THE BATTERIES BEFORE PORT ARTHUR.

After an unfruitful assault extending over three days, the Japanese, charging over the bodies of their dead comrades, penetrated one of the forts of the defences of Port Arthur, but were driven back at the point of the bayonet. During the night an attempt was made to recover the wounded from amongst the dead. The work, gruesome enough at any time, seemed ghouliah by searchlight.

THE PORT ARTHUR SQUADRON'S FRUSTRATED ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE BLOCKADED HARBOUR.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



THE "TSAREVITCH" SEVERELY HANDLED BY THE JAPANESE, AUGUST 10.

The Russian fleet left the outside roadstead of Port Arthur on August 10, their station having become practically untenable by reason of the Japanese shell-fire. It was met by Admiral Togo's command, and a fierce engagement ensued, followed by a night attack by the Japanese torpedo-boat flotilla, ensued. Admiral Witost was killed, and the command devolved upon Admiral Prince Ukhtomski. This officer has since been court-martialled for disobeying the order not to return to Port Arthur. The "Tsarevitch" reached the German port of Kinchau in a disabled condition, avoiding the nearer British harbour of Wei-hai-Wei, and thus giving colour to suspicions of a Russo-German agreement. She has since been dismantled, in accordance with the demands of international law.

JAPANESE CAPTIVES IN THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF RUSSIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. BAKULIN.



THE PRISONERS MARCHING, UNDER GUARD, TO THEIR HOTELS AT MOSCOW.



JAPANESE PRISONERS OF WAR ARRIVING AT THE RIAZAN STATION, MOSCOW.

The correspondent of the "Russkoye Slovo," who has visited the Japanese prisoners at Moscow, states that they are quite free in their movements, but are tired of playing "elephants on show." Nearly all of them have already made considerable progress with their captors' language. They regard the Russian soldier as an enduring, but an undeveloped force, not sufficiently cultured, not ready-witted, and without initiative.

ON THE LINE OF THE RUSSIAN RETREAT: DUMB WITNESSES OF THE FLIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A CORRESPONDENT WITH THE JAPANESE ADVANCE GUARD



EMPTY SHELL-CASES MARKING THE FORMER POSITION OF A RUSSIAN BATTERY.



THE REMAINS OF AN AMMUNITION-CART.



AN ABANDONED QUICK-FIRING GUN, AND THE WRECK OF A TRAVELLING SOUP-KITCHEN.



ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A CONVOY CAUGHT BY THE JAPANESE SHELL-FIRE.

THE COOLIE AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE: JAPANESE USE OF THE RUSSIAN PERMANENT WAY IN MANCHURIA.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.

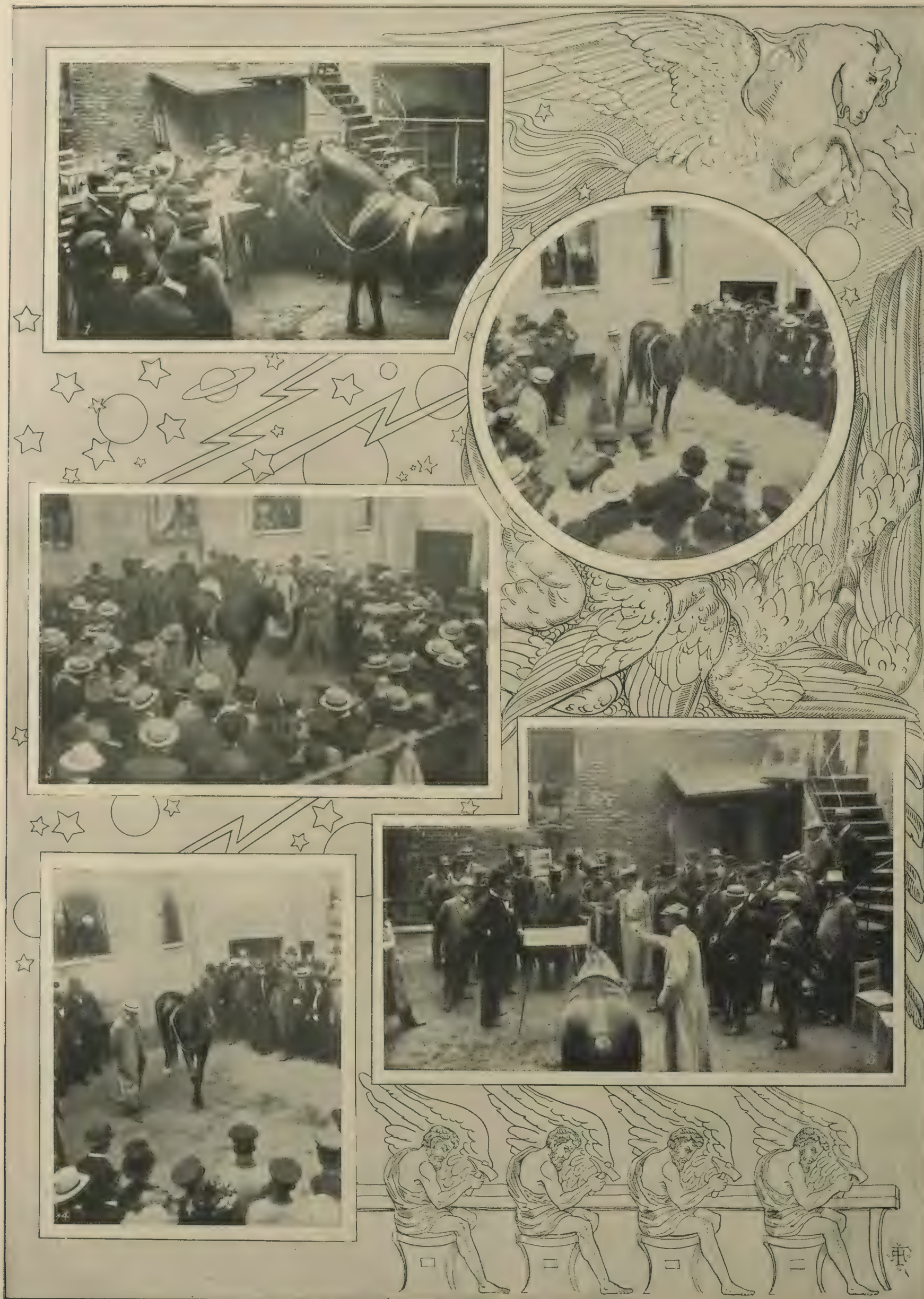


AN AMMUNITION CONVOY CHEERING WOUNDED AT A SIDING.

The Japanese are making free use of the Russian railway line for the transportation of their troops, ammunition, and supplies. The Mukden correspondent of the "Journal" asserts that "the Japanese engineers are changing the gauge of the railway as fast as it is captured. One rail is left, while the second is so modified that it will bear the lighter type of narrow-gauge Japanese rolling-stock, but will be useless for the heavier Russian locomotives and carriages. At the same time they cut the sleepers, making them too short for use with the broad gauge." It is believed that the conversion of the line is complete almost as far as Liao-yang. Pending the alteration of the gauge, the Japanese, having no suitable locomotives, employ coolies to draw the trucks along the rails.

BERLIN'S THINKING HORSE: AN EXAMINATION OF HANS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE BERLINER ILLUSTRATIONS-GESSELLSCHAFT.



1. READING FROM A TABLET.

2. LISTENING WHILE A TASK IS BEING SET HIM.

3. RECOGNISING A PERSON FROM HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

4. SOLVING ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

5. DISTINGUISHING COLOURS.

The thinking horse Hans, of Berlin, has been the cause of much controversy. It is claimed that his feats are devoid of trickery, and that he is trained "on the sternest pedagogic principles, just like an ordinary child in the communal schools." A commission, including a cavalry General, several other officers, officials from the Zoological Gardens, professors from the Veterinary College and the Physiological Institute, and two circus directors, has inquired into his powers, and has reported favourably.

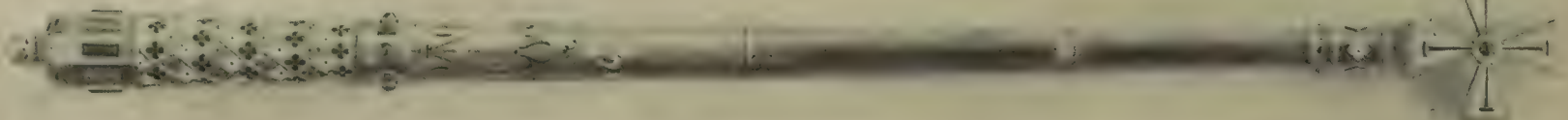
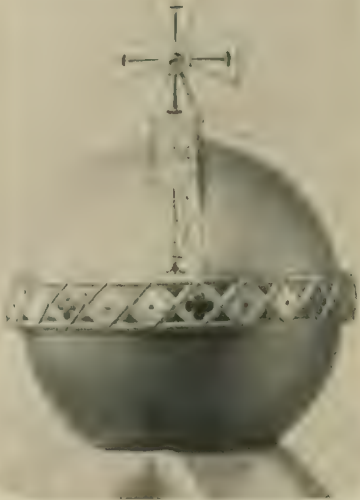


A DISREGARDED WARNING: A STOAT KILLING A RABBIT UNDER A GAMEKEEPER'S TROPHY OF VERMIN.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.

KING PÉTER'S CORONATION: THE SERVIAN REGALIA, AND ARMY PAST AND PRESENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS 1 AND 2 BY T. G. CRAWLEY.



1. UNIFORMS OF THE SERVIAN ARMY, 1801-1876.

2. UNIFORMS OF THE SERVIAN ARMY IN 1346.

3. THE ORB.

4. THE CROWN.

5. THE CLASP OF THE CORONATION ROBE.

6. THE SCEPTRE.

7. KING PETER AT A REVIEW.

8. KING PETER IN THE UNIFORM OF A GENERAL OF THE SERVIAN ARMY.

The regalia of King Peter of Servia are made of bronze, taken from a cannon captured by Karagorge, surnamed the Black Prince, in the War of Independence against the Turks in 1804. The upper part of the orb is decorated with cloisonné enamel, and is surmounted by a cross. The crown is in the Byzantine-Servian style, and is set with sapphires and rubies. The portants of its eight arches are alternately flowers of turquoise-blue enamel, and white eagles whose bodies bear the national arms. The clasp of the robe bears the eagle, and enamel copies of the mosaics in the convents of Ravenna and St. Appoline and in the monastery of Zitcha, the scene of King Peter's consecration. The ball of the sceptre is decorated with flowers in translucent cloisonné, and is surmounted by a Byzantine cross, also in enamel; the rod is ornamented with translucent champlevé enamel and with gold and silver lozenges. Photographs Numbers 1 and 2 were taken on the occasion of a recent parade of Servian veterans in honour of the centenary of the War of Independence against the Turks.



PREPARING AN EVENING MEAL ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE: THE JAPANESE AT A BOMB-PROOF SHELTER NORTH OF THE MOTIEN PASS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. HARE; COPYRIGHT IN AMERICA BY "COLLIER'S WEEKLY."



THREE GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT A HIGHLAND GATHERING: THE KING, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS CHILDREN, AT BRAEMAR, SEPTEMBER 15.

The annual Highland Gathering at Braemar, the culminating point of the social season on Deeside, was honoured by the presence of the King, the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children, and the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

Photo. Morgan.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

VITAL STATISTICS.

The expert whose duty it is to deal with vital statistics, it must be confessed, engages in a very interesting phase of work. He is the man who knows how the nation is progressing; he can give us information respecting the death-rate and the birth-rate, and show us whether, as a people, we are laying up a store of vital units against depletion, or whether we are on the verge of vital bankruptcy. There can be no more attractive study, to my way of thinking, than that which deals with the social life and statistics of a nation. We have to allow for time in order that big masses of figures may be dealt with, summarised and assorted, so as to be made available for the use of future generations. The figures for the nation now before me deal with the latest period when a general census was undertaken. It includes statistics taken as at midnight on Sunday, March 31, 1901.

It is of high importance to know how we are progressing, for national progress implies a full birth-rate, for example, and a low death-rate from preventable causes. Every intelligent person has a decided and definite share in the history of his people, and he should be able to determine by the aid of science whether his nation is progressing or the reverse. The General Report of the Census of England and Wales, albeit it is a statistical volume, offers a large amount of facts and items of interest to the thoughtful citizen. As far as a census can determine things, we find that at midnight on March 31, 1901, the population of England and Wales numbered 32,527,843 persons. This number represented an increase of 3,525,318, or 12.17 per cent., over the previous counting. The first census was taken in 1801. Since then the population is found to have nearly quadrupled itself. It rose from 8,892,536 to the number stated as represented in 1901.

Having regard to the record of male and female births, we find that in England and Wales there are more males born than females; but as male children appear to be more difficult to rear, the male death-rate, being large, gives to the female population a distinct gain. Of the population noted in 1901, 16,799,230 are returned as females, 15,728,613 being males. The excess means 1,070,617, and represents 1668 females to every 1000 male persons. Probably there is a natural tendency to the production of females over males; but no adequate judgment can be passed upon this latter fact in respect of the figures just mentioned. A very interesting portion of the report deals with the proportion of female to male inhabitants in different parts of England and Wales. Countless articles have been written on the geographical distribution of genius, and on the possibility of determining whether one locality or district has been more prolific than another in the production of "brains." There seems to be no doubt regarding the areas where women "most do congregate." The figures are very exact. In London, for instance, we find 1118 females to 1000 males. Devonshire shows us in the same ratio 1119 females; Surrey 1126, Sussex 1202, and Cardigan 1260. At Bournemouth there were found 1709 females to the 1000 males, this last being a record in respect of the statistics in question.

The subject of the matrimonial relations of the nation is always interesting. We are all given to believe that a high marriage-rate implies national prosperity, and *vice versa*. This opinion may be doubted, because the lower orders marry and are given in marriage very much according to the day and the hour, and independently of commercial success. It is not always safe to argue from general figures, because the varied conditions of society demand special consideration, by way of relating them to the mass of statistics at large. In 1901, in England and Wales, we found that there existed 62.3 per cent. of celibate males, while females numbered 59.6. In 1891, the proportions were of females 60.5, and of males 63.4. The married males of 1901 gave 34.2 per cent., and in 1891, 33.1 per cent. The married females in 1901 numbered 32.8, and in 1891, 31.7. The widowed in 1901 showed a return of 3.5 males, and 7.6 females.

Certain items included in the census return will be read with interest even by the casual observer. No fewer than 3946 British subjects were born at sea. In 1901, at the census-taking, 22,357 persons were inhabitants of prisons; while, as regards juvenile delinquents, 33,656 were detained in reformatories and industrial schools. These figures give us 1351 per million of the population under detention, a sum which, as figures go and as the conditions of life are represented, is, perhaps, by no means excessive, much as it may be regretted that the amount is so high. We have improved in this respect, for in 1891 the proportion was 1464 per million.

It is always gratifying to be able to read a diminution in the proportion of blind members of the population. I believe this is due to the diffusion of knowledge regarding the care of the eyes at birth, industriously circulated by various societies. In 1851 the number of blind persons in England and Wales was set down at 1056 to the million. To-day the proportion is 792 to the million. Deaf and dumb persons, who showed a ratio of 645 per million in 1851, gave a return of 527 in 1901. As regards workhouse life, we do not seem to have improved. In 1901, 264,922 persons were inmates as against 228,550 in 1891. Even this last item brings food for thought, and suggests the complexity of social conditions connected with the advance or decline of trade. Clearly, the national balance-sheet is interesting beyond measure, if only because it shows us how we progress or retrogress as a great people. No thinking person can fail to be interested in the national balance-sheet which the authorities at intervals prepare.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G BAKKER (Rotterdam).—We are much obliged for your budget, and note with much interest your efforts to popularise the game. The educational use of it is certainly novel. In company with many of our best solvers, you have overlooked the only defence to 1. R to Kt sq in problem No. 3150.

P DALY (Brighton).—Amended position to hand, with thanks. It shall have further attention.

R S W (Finchley).—We cannot tell.

F WILKINSON (Leicester).—If the Knight were taken, as you suggest, mate on the move follows.

E J WINTER-WOOD.—Many thanks.

R BER.—Look at the problem again. You will find it an ingenious exercise. Your own shall have attention.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3145 received from Charles Burnett; of No. 3149 from F R Pickering (Forest Hill), A G Pancsova, George Fisher (Belfast), T W W (Bootham), W H Bedford (Openshaw), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

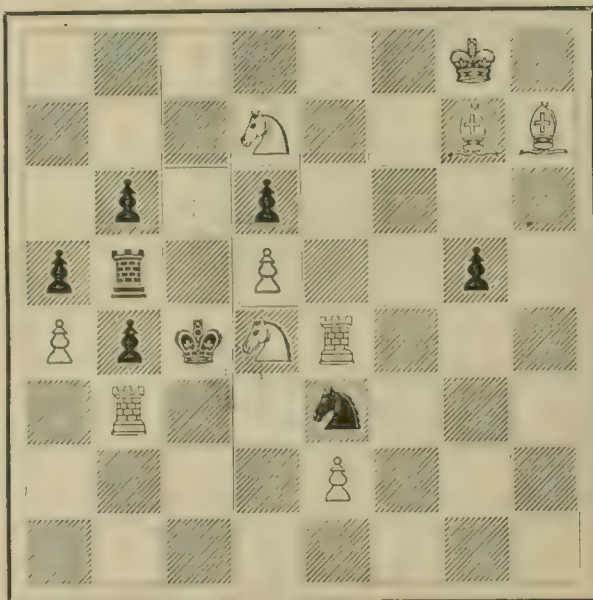
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3150 received from W H Bedford (Openshaw), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), F Wilkinson (Leicester), R Worters (Canterbury), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), R S W (Finchley), T Roberts, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), George Fisher (Belfast), and H S Brandreth (Engadine).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3149.—By R. St. G. BURKE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q sq P to Q 7th or K to B 5th
2. Q to R 4th (ch) Any move
3. Q or Kt mates.
If Black play 1. P to B 7th, 2. Q to Kt 4th (ch), and if 1. K to Q 4th, then 2. Kt to K 7th (ch), and 3. Q mates.

PROBLEM No. 3152.—By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS AT HASTINGS.

Game played in the National Championship Tournament, between Messrs. BLACKBURNE and BELLINGHAM.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Bellingham).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Bellingham).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	24. Kt to Q 4th	R to Q 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	B takes Kt would have made any other result than a draw very problematical.	
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	25. Q to B 2nd	P to Kt 3rd
4. P to K 5th	Kt to K 5th	26. Q to B sq	K to Kt 2nd
5. Q takes P	P to Q 4th	27. P to K B 4th	R to Q B sq
6. P takes P en pass	Kt takes P	28. Q to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd
7. B to K B 4th	B to K 3rd	29. Q to K B 2nd	R to K sq
8. Q to Q 2nd	B to K 2nd	30. R takes R	R takes R
9. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 3rd	31. P to K Kt 4th	B to B 3rd
10. B to Q 3rd	Castles	32. P to K R 4th	Q to Q sq
11. Castles	R to K sq	33. P to Kt 5th	
12. K R to K sq			

The practical difference between the two positions is that White's Bishops have a rather fuller command of the board than Black's. Otherwise the opening has favoured neither side.

WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Bellingham).	WHITE (Mr. Blackburne).	BLACK (Mr. Bellingham).
13. B takes Kt	B to B 3rd	34. R P takes P	P takes P
14. P to K R 3rd	P takes B	35. R to K sq	B to K 2nd
15. Kt to K 2nd	P to Q 4th	36. Q to R 4th	B to Q 2nd
16. P to B 3rd	P to Q 2nd	37. P to B 5th	K to Kt sq
17. Kt takes Kt	Kt to K 4th	38. P to B 6th	Q to K sq
18. B to Kt 5th	R to K 2nd	39. R to K B sq	B to R 6th
19. Kt to Q 4th	R to Q sq	40. R to B 4th	B to Kt 2nd
20. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 3rd	41. P takes B	K takes P
21. B to Q 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd	42. Q to R 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
22. Q R to Q sq	P to K R 3rd	43. R to R 4th	Resigns.
23. B to Kt sq	K R to Q 2nd		

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Tournament at Cambridge Springs, between Messrs. MIESSE and HODGES.

(Sicilian Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th	12. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to R 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K 3rd	13. B to R 3rd	Q to R 2nd
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. B P takes P	B P takes P
4. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	15. Q to B 2nd	Castles
5. B takes Kt	Kt P takes B	16. Q R to B sq	K R to Q B sq
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	17. B takes P	B to Q Kt 4th
7. Castles	B to K 2nd		
8. Q to K 2nd	B to K 2nd		
9. P to K 5th			
10. Kt to Q R 4th	P to Q R 4th		
11. P to B 4th	P to R 3rd		
	P to R 4th		

With this advance White secures a distinct advantage. It delays Black's development, and gains considerable time in other directions.

18. B takes Q
19. B takes R
20. R to B 7th
21. R to Kt 7th
22. K takes R
Resigns.

This appears a miscalculation which loses a piece; B takes P leaves the game fairly level. But Black has other moves at his disposal less unfortunate than the text. He must now resign.

18. B takes Q
19. B takes R
20. R to B 7th
21. R to Kt 7th
22. K takes R
Resigns.

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A NATIONAL MEMORIAL OF SHAKSPERE.

Mr. Richard Badger, who went to school at Stratford-on-Avon, wishes to put his countrymen to shame. Why have they never thought seriously of erecting a national memorial of Shakspeare, such as he would have had long ago had he been a Frenchman or a German? Germany abounds with monuments of Goethe and Schiller. There is a much more striking statue of Shakspeare in Paris than anything we can show. It has at least a dignified position in a handsome boulevard; whereas nobody pretends that the figure of the poet, gazing sadly at one of the principal music-halls in London, is in happy circumstances. If we wanted to erect a national memorial, we should not choose a site in Leicester Square. It is said that by many who sit there in reflective moments the statue is believed to be the donor of the open space. That luckless speculator did a public service by transforming Leicester Square from its ancient squalor to a decent thoroughfare, though we should respect his memory more if he had planted his own image, and not Shakspeare's, in the middle of the chastened scene.

But here is Mr. Richard Badger, ready to put down two thousand pounds if the public will subscribe the rest of the necessary funds for a worthy statue of Shakspeare. Will they? Is there any sign that the nation is stirred by Mr. Badger's spirited offer? Do we really feel guilty of that neglect with which he reproaches us? Some will be inclined to answer that we could not neglect Shakspeare, even if we wished it. His great and enduring monument is our common speech. It would be difficult to carry on a rational conversation for ten minutes without quoting him. He is so little of the merely literary, and so much of the popular and idiomatic medium, that his phrases are not always recognised by the fastidious. Some time ago there was a controversy between Sir Edward Clarke and Mr. Edmund Gosse about judgments in literature. Mr. Gosse said that a certain point made by his opponent was "neither here nor there"; and the lawyer, eager to trip up the literary man, retorted that "neither here nor there" was slipshod English. He did not know that it was Shakspeare.

Perhaps Mr. Gosse did not remember it when the phrase slipped from his pen. If we were to verify all our Shakspeare quotations, we should be for ever setting up monuments in his honour, inscriptions and all. As it is, what greater homage can we pay than we pay already with our daily breath? It is true that we do not act Shakspeare's plays as often as they are acted in Germany. Our theatrical taste is rather low at present; but even if it were not, we should probably have small relish for Shakspeare on a stage where he is so imperfectly represented. We could scarcely stand frequent doses of him in the repertory theatre which is so greatly needed, if we had a constant succession of mediocre Hamlets, Lears, and Othellos. What can be more depressing than a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," with the love-lorn pair enacted by two young people who have not a single look, tone, or gesture to persuade us that they are rapt in a divine frenzy? The poet's greatest creations can be fitly embodied on the stage only by genius, whose visitations are rare. We are lucky if we see one true and moving Hamlet in a lifetime. For the rest, he is our companion, not in the theatre, but in reverie. "We love him like a brother," as Dr. George Brandes says. "His melancholy is ours; his wrath is ours; his contemptuous wit avenges us on those who fill the earth with their empty noise and are its masters."

In a word, we preserve the real memorial of Shakspeare by reading him. The proof of that is in the ever-multiplying editions. That quotation from Dr. Brandes is taken from the "Hamlet" volume in Mr. William Heinemann's "Sixpenny Shakspeare," a striking monument in itself. A statue is the least heeded thing that art produces in this country. In London it is the sport of grime until its distinctive character—not much to start with—is lost, and you can scarcely tell it from its fellows. But an edition of Shakspeare has its own graces, which even time cannot steal. The First Folio is surely the most prodigious memorial of genius in all literature, although its editors have been denounced by Mr. Swinburne as "mendacious malefactors" for professing to hand down the corrupt text of "Macbeth" as a true and perfect copy. We ought to be eternally grateful that Hemynge and Condell were inspired to collect the writings of their illustrious comrade, although they were not expert proof-readers. Strange that it never occurred to them to consult Bacon, who knew so well how to correct the careless printers of his day! But Shakspeare's first editors, and all who have followed in their train, have created and amplified a vast and breathing monument, compared with which all the marble effigies on earth are poor and dumb.

Mr. Richard Badger may say that sculpture is none the less a proper medium wherein to proclaim our devotion to the Bard. There are countries, no doubt, where the sculptor has given immortal shape to a great idea. But ours is not one of them. The Englishman does not express himself well in marble. Statuary with him is a convention, not an inspiration. He subscribes to graven images of eminent citizens, and never looks at them again. It would be quite impossible to secure for a statue of Shakspeare any more attention than is paid to the dead and forlorn reformers and philosophers in the Embankment Gardens, unless some bizarre genius like Rodin were engaged to plan a huge commemorative pile in the middle of Hyde Park—something colossal and mysterious, like Stonehenge. That is the greatest of all the archaeological monuments in Britain; and it is great because nobody can explain it. Equally profound is the mystery of Shakspeare's genius; and if that could be shadowed forth in marble it would be a mighty and impressive emblem. But if the outcome of the present movement is to be merely one more conventional figure in Elizabethan garb, it is likely to commemorate nothing but the enterprise of Mr. Richard Badger, who went to school at Stratford-on-Avon.

L. F. A.

IMPORTANT TO ALL !!!

“The Trident of Neptune is the Sceptre of the World.”

“Duty is the demand of the passing hour.”—Goethe

Then “Do that liest nearest thee, thy second duty will already have become clearer.”—Carlyle.

CIVILISATION OF THE WORLD.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

BRITAIN MUST EITHER LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH AND DECAY AS A NATION.

THE COMMAND OF THE SEA AND BRITISH POLICY.

“AN ISLAND,” he pointed out, “REQUIRED for its PERFECT DEFENCE THE COMMAND OF THE SEA. ONE of the CONSEQUENCES of THE COMMAND of the SEA was that THE COASTS of the WORLD were peculiarly UNDER the INFLUENCE of the NATION that Held it. BUT THOUGH the POWER GIVEN BY the COMMAND of the SEA WAS SO GREAT, IT WAS CONDITIONED by a MORAL LAW. THE WORLD WOULD NOT TOLERATE LONG ANY GREAT POWER OR INFLUENCE THAT WAS NOT EXERCISED FOR THE GENERAL GOOD. THE BRITISH EMPIRE could subsist ONLY SO LONG as it was a USEFUL AGENT FOR the GENERAL BENEFIT of HUMANITY. THAT HITHERTO SHE had obeyed this law we might fairly claim. SHE had used her almost undisputed monopoly of the ocean TO INTRODUCE LAW and CIVILISATION all over the globe. SHE had DESTROYED PIRACY and the SLAVE TRADE AND HAD OPENED to the TRADE of ALL NATIONS EVERY PORT on the globe EXCEPT those that belonged to the CONTINENTAL POWERS. BUT ALL THIS led to the conclusion THAT BRITAIN must either LEAD THE WORLD, OR MUST UTTERLY PERISH and DECAY as a NATION.”

SPENSER WILKINSON'S Address at the ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTE.—*Spectator.*



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THE PLAYER of the other side IS HIDDEN from us.

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WAR!!

Oh, world! Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs, That we must work by crime to punish crime, And slay as if death had but this one gate!—BYRON

THE COST OF WAR.

“GIVE ME the MONEY that has been SPENT in WAR AND I will PURCHASE EVERY FOOT of LAND upon the Globe; I WILL CLOTHE every MAN, WOMAN, and CHILD in an ATTIRE of which KINGS and QUEENS would be proud; I WILL BUILD A SCHOOL-HOUSE on EVERY HILLSIDE and in EVERY VALLEY over the whole earth; I WILL BUILD AN ACADEMY in EVERY TOWN and endow it, a COLLEGE in EVERY STATE, and will fill it with able professors; I WILL crown every hill with a PLACE OF WORSHIP consecrated to the promulgation of the GOSPEL of PEACE. I WILL support in every Pulpit an able TEACHER of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer the chime on another round the earth's wide circumference; AND the VOICE of PRAYER and the SONG of PRAISE SHOULD ascend like a UNIVERSAL HOLOCAUST to heaven.”—RICHARD. WHY all this TOIL and STRIFE? THERE is ROOM ENOUGH for ALL. WHAT is TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR!

“I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS TEN TIMES and TEN THOUSAND TIMES MORE TERRIBLE THAN WAR—OUTRAGED NATURE. SHE KILLS AND KILLS, and is NEVER TIRED OF KILLING TILL SHE HAS TAUGHT MAN THE TERRIBLE LESSON HE IS SO SLOW TO LEARN, THAT NATURE IS ONLY CONQUERED BY OBEYING HER. . . . Man has his courtesies of war, he spares the woman and the child; but Nature is fierce when she is offended, as she is bounteous and kind when she is obeyed. She spares neither woman nor child. She has no pity; for some awful but most good reason, she is not allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man, with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Ah! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the mothers of England the mass of PREVENTABLE SUFFERING—the mass of PREVENTABLE AGONY of MIND and BODY—which exists in England!”—KINGSLEY.

CONQUEST!! EMPIRE!!! THE GREATEST OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.

‘HEALTH is the GREATEST of ALL POSSESSIONS: and 'tis a maxim with me that a HALE COBBLER is a BETTER MAN than a SICK KING.’—*Beaumont.*

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

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MORAL FOR ALL—

“I need not be missed if another succeed me,
To reap down those fields which in spring I have sown.
He who ploughed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper,
He is only remembered by what he has done.”

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LADIES' PAGES

Her Majesty loves dogs, great and small, and is fond of having the portraits of her special favourites taken. In more than one of her photographs, and even in one oil-painted portrait, a lucky canine pet figures in the arms of the Queen; and others have had their charms depicted by her orders on her fans and in special pictures. Mrs. Gertrude Massey has been honoured with several commissions to paint miniatures of the Queen's smaller pets, and has just completed one of "Marvel," a dear little Japanese spaniel, very tiny, with black ears and back, and white chest and legs, who enjoys the highest favour with the Queen at present. Her Majesty's stay in Denmark will not be of long duration, as she is returning to Sandringham to be near Princess Charles of Denmark, who is in delicate health.

The kennels at Sandringham are quite models of management and arrangement; and it is with good reason, in order to secure the comfort and well-being of the favoured animals themselves, that the King has ordered the transfer of the late Queen's dogs from Windsor to his country home. Queen Victoria was specially fond of Scotch terriers. One of her last clear requests, we were allowed to know, was to be told where her favourite Skye was; just as it is remembered that when the young girl returned from the splendid and wearying ceremony of her Coronation, her first question when she entered the Palace was, "Where's Dash?" Her favourites will continue their lives in perfect comfort in the Sandringham kennels, and the Windsor kennels are not to be maintained at all. By the way, how many people there are who forget that even dogs, and yet more who forget that cats also, are by nature carnivorous animals exclusively! Without any unkind intention, ladies feed their domestic animals on biscuit, bread and milk, plates of vegetable scraps, and so on, when at least a considerable proportion of the daily diet ought to be animal food in order to secure health to the dependent pet. It is well known that Persian cats altogether contradict the common notion that this species of pet will not stray from a home. On the contrary, if a Persian cat is fed without meat it will infallibly find another home if possible.

Two interesting events in the history of nurses have recently occurred. One was in England, when the Duchess of Northumberland entertained at Alnwick Castle some lady representatives of every local committee of the County Nursing Association, together with about one hundred and fifty of the nurses. The guests were invited to luncheon, which was served in the great old guest-hall; and afterwards the Duchess showed them all the numerous objects of interest and family treasures in which the castle abounds. The other



A NEAT WALKING COSTUME.

Navy blue cloth constructs this serviceable gown; it is brightened by revers and vest of orange-coloured cloth, embroidered and braided in black. The fitting coat has a short basque; it can be worn open or closed.

incident took place in Massachusetts. The survivors of the Northern Army in the great Civil War of over forty years ago have held a "parade" in Boston; there were nearly twenty-six thousand veterans able to answer to this last post, and one of the most striking and impressive events of the week's festivities was the old army nurses' reception. This was held in the splendid Memorial Hall of the State House, where the walls are decorated with the tattered flags that the Massachusetts soldiers carried into those terrible battles; and beneath the worn banners were gathered some eighty elderly women, almost as faded as the colours, who sat in a circle, smiling cheerily as the now old men whom they had tended or been ready to tend in the battlefield, filed past and shook them by the hand. Delegations of young nurses, some working in city hospitals, others who have passed through the Spanish-American War, also came, and representatives were there, too, of many women's organisations that were formed to supply the wants of the soldiers in one and another fashion. It was a striking and interesting illustration of the distinctive share that women take in war.

Not infrequently, too, women have had to prove their ability to take a more active part in warlike deeds. We are reminded of the bravery which has been shown on such occasions from time to time by the records of the French Legion of Honour, with which a considerable number of women have been decorated for their valour in its history. The only woman now living who holds the coveted decoration for personal courage was recalled to mind a few weeks ago by her marrying a second time. She is Madame Carlier, and was the wife of a French diplomatist, in whose house, while her husband was absent, five hundred trembling Armenians took refuge during the massacres of that race. Madame Carlier confronted the Turkish soldiers, revolver in hand, and guarded the entrance to her house so effectually that she saved the lives of her refugees. She has now married her deceased husband's brother.

The Bengal Government has made a new departure in appointing the Parsee lady lawyer, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, to be the representative of the Government in regard to those native ladies who are wards of the State. This is a compromise, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, an example, for the Indian courts of law, whose judges, like our own, have refused to allow the woman lawyer to plead before them. Miss Sorabji, in a temperate and forcible way, has pointed out how extremely disadvantageous and unfair it is to the secluded women of India, Hindu and Mohammedan alike, that they may not avail themselves of the legal services of a properly qualified member of their own sex, as they are precluded by their religion and customs from personally commissioning men lawyers. Obviously, the "Purdah" ladies, many of whom in their seclusion have to manage large estates, have a moral right to be allowed to avail themselves



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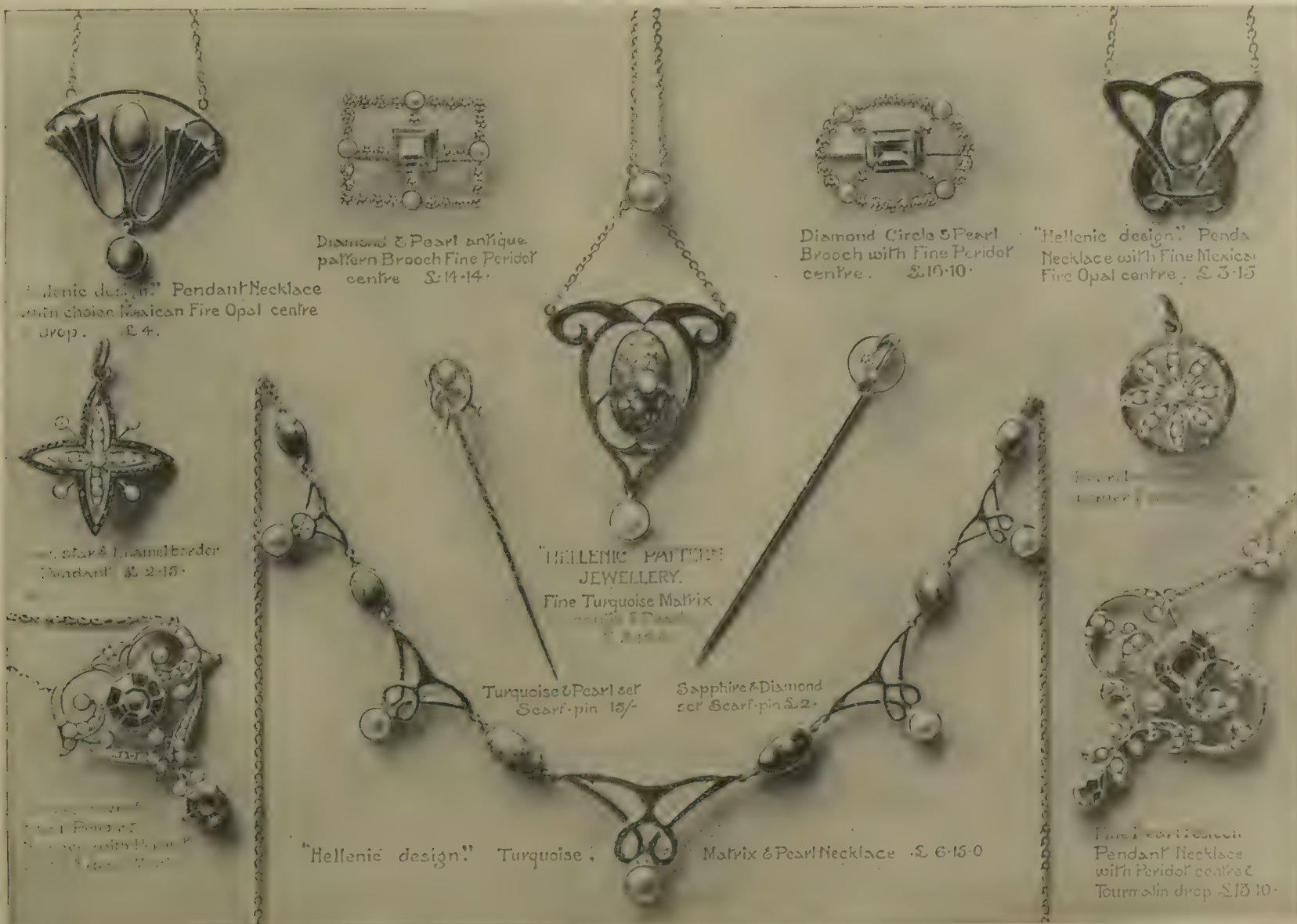
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of the advice and aid of a skilled woman in their legal business if they please. Meantime, vested interests holding the fort, the Government has set an example by making Miss Sorabji the State legal representative for a certain class of women clients. This brilliant Parsee woman lawyer has been for some years a familiar figure in London, as well as at Oxford, where she came out in a very high place in the examinations for the B.C.L. degree. She also holds the LL.B. of Bombay.

Parsee women have taken many high honours in the Universities of recent years. Mr. S. Laing (long chairman of the Brighton Railway), in his book called "A Modern Zoroastrian," gives an interesting account of the Parsees. He says that they are the remnant of the Persian nation who founded one of the mightiest empires of the ancient world. Flying from their country to escape from persecution after the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, they formed a colony in India, of which the headquarters are now Bombay. They have preserved their ancient religion and some portions of their sacred writings. Their faith was founded about 3200 years ago by Zoroaster. Its followers are distinguished for probity, enterprise, intelligence, and public spirit and benevolence; they give more to charity in proportion to their numbers than any other sect; they have the smallest death-rate of any race in Bombay; and, by reason of their good qualities, they take a leading part in commerce and public business. And now for the explanation, the root which is at once cause and effect of all this excellence in morals and learning. "In regard to the position of women," says Mr. Laing, "the Parsees stand far higher than any other Oriental people. The equality of the sexes is distinctly laid down in the Zoroastrian Scriptures. Women are always mentioned as a necessary part of the religious community, and they have the same rites as those of men. The necessity for some outward conformity to the practice of the Hindus and Mohammedans around them somewhat impaired the public freedom of Parsee women, but the wife and mother always remained a principal figure in the household; and latterly, under the security of English rule, Parsee ladies may be seen everywhere in public enjoying as much liberty as the ladies of England and America. Nor are they at all behind their Western sisters in education. No prejudices stand in the way of their attendance at the numerous girls' schools that have been established; and Parsee women attend lectures on medical science at the University along with male students, and obtain distinguished places in the higher schools and colleges. Those who know the position of inferiority and seclusion in which women are kept among all other Oriental nations can best appreciate this largeness and liberality of spirit."



A PRETTY HOME DRESS.

A gown for the "interior," built in a light soft fabric, and trimmed with graduated ruffles of the same material. On the shoulders lace is laid down, and trimmed with a ruche in such a manner as to give the appearance of a cape.

Cold weather comes on so suddenly sometimes in England in the autumn that it is wise to be beforehand with it and provided with an adequate supply of warm gowns and wraps. The Inverness shape is the first favourite for useful wraps. It is a very satisfactory idea. No matter how puffy, or *where* puffy, the gown sleeve may be, it slips with the most absolute ease through the large opening of the underneath portion of the Inverness, and then the deep outer cape falls over, and if there be any wind it buttons down, so as to keep the wearer very snug. I cannot say that the loud, big checks that are so much favoured commend themselves at all to my taste, but there is a certain *chic* about them nevertheless. A large black-and-white plaid with a tiny thread of almost invisible red in the weave was brightened still more, and yet somehow made more harmonious, by inch-wide facings of scarlet cloth and a scarlet turn-down collar. A black-and-yellow check with a thread of heliotrope had brown leather facings, and big buttons of leather set in bright gold rims. Dark cloths, tweeds of heather mixture, greys, and fawns are also employed for Inverness capes for "knockabout" wear. Leather, in all shades of tan from chocolate to amber, figures largely as trimmings this autumn. It is made soft and pliable, and is used for vests fitting closely in the new tight coats, as well as for belts, pipings, and facings to collars, revers, and cuffs. If you dislike a cape, three-quarter coats are equally fashionable.

For more dressy mantles, there is a tendency to return to the old dolman shape, fitting in at the back and loose over the arms, yet held down by the connecting of the front and back by a band. Box-cloth short sac coats, again, smartly trimmed and embroidered, are very much in evidence. A biscuit-coloured cloth, trimmed with about two dozen lines of narrow silk braid, in which gold was interwoven with the biscuit-coloured thread, was finished with a turn-down collar of gold tissue embroidered on with gold thread, and fastened double-breasted with gold buttons having mother-o'-pearl centres—a very smart affair. A zinc-white face-cloth mantle, with a ruby velvet collar embroidered upon in gold and white, was ornamented round the lower edge with soutache embroideries in gold heading a narrow line of ruby velvet. Cloth *découpé*, much the same sort of thing as the Swiss embroidery ("broderie Anglaise" of the French modiste) that has been so popular in the summer, is being used as a deep collar and pelerine trimming on capes and coats. Stole-ends of the trimming chosen for the collar frequently fall far below the edge of the mantle itself. Guipure lace embroidered with chenille is another fashionable decoration. Strappings on box-cloth coats, with embroidered velvet collars and big, handsome buttons, are as decorative as most people care for; but others like fringes, and pleatings, and revers or fronts of contrasting tints, and gold embroideries; and all tastes can be suited.

FILOMENA.

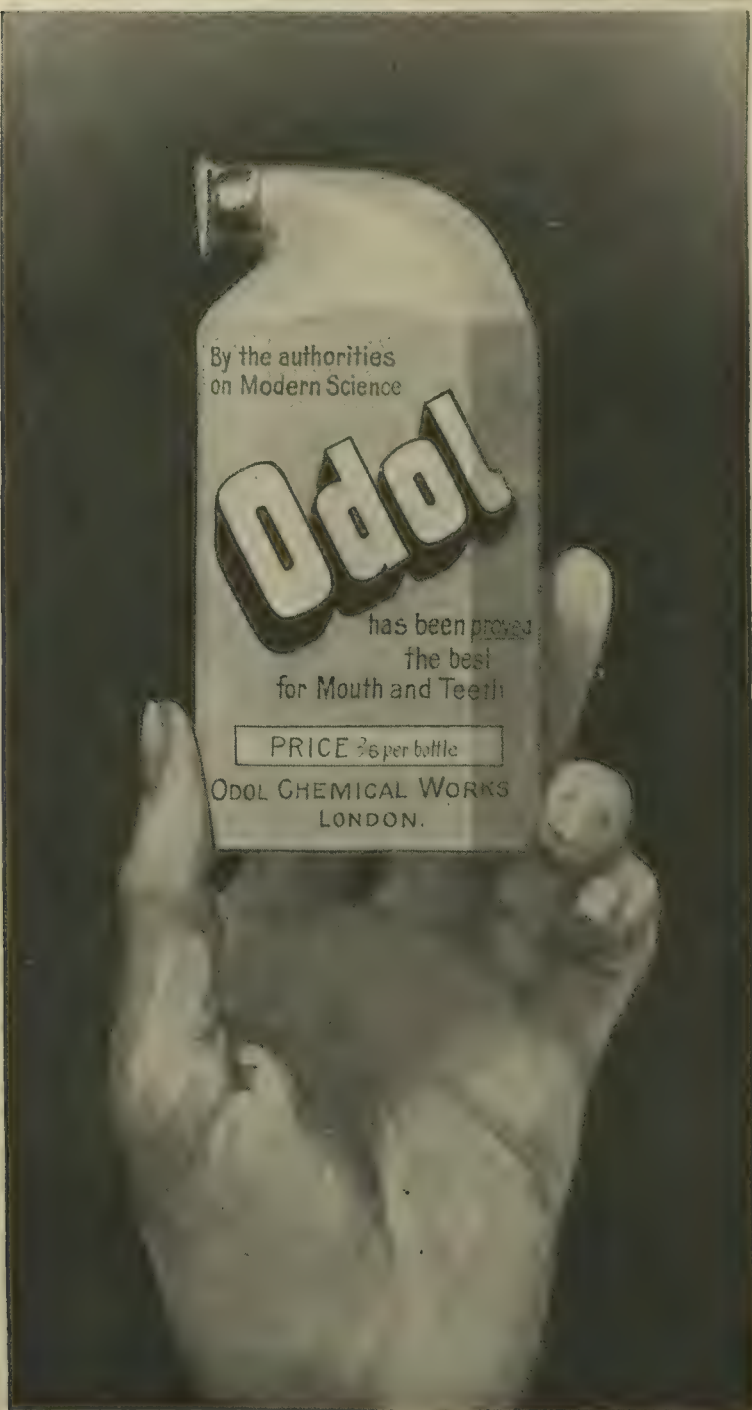
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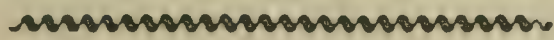
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 18, 1901) of MR. ABRAHAM BRIGGS FOSTER, of Canwell Hall, near Tamworth, a director of the Great Northern Railway Company, who died on Jan. 8 last, was proved on Sept. 13 by Philip Staveley Foster, M.P., the son, William Edward Pollexfen Bastard, the son-in-law, and George Reginald Skansfield, the gross value of the estate amounting to £501,319, of which £463,319 is net personally. The testator gives £4000, and during her widowhood an annuity of £3000 and the use of one of his residences, to his wife, but should she again marry, £1500 per annum is to be paid to her; £50,000, in trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Rosamond Isabel Bastard; £300 each to his executors; £1000 to his sister Jane Norris; £1000 to the Mechanics' Institute, Queensbury, Yorks; £1000 towards the fund left by his father for the benefit of Queensbury; £500 to the Birmingham General Hospital; and £250 to the Staffordshire General Hospital. The residue of his property he leaves to his son.

The will (dated Nov. 13, 1901), with two codicils (of May 6 and Sept. 29, 1903), of MR. DAVID HUGHES, of Grove Park, Liverpool, and Cemaes, near Amlwch, Anglesea, who died on March 12, has been proved by James Venmore and Edward Jones, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £156,236. The testator gives an annuity of £1500 and the use of his residence at Cemaes and all the furniture to his wife; £350 per annum, in trust, for his son David Hughes; £50 per annum each to his brother-in-law John Hughes, and his grandson David Venmore; £500 to the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Foreign Mission Society; £25 per annum for twenty-five years to the Welsh Calvinistic Chapel at Cemaes; £5 per annum for twenty years for the poor of Cemaes; £20 per annum for twenty years for the maintenance of the Village Hall, Cemaes; £300 to James Venmore; £250 to Edward Jones; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters, Margaret Venmore, Miriam Jane Hughes, and Edith Mary Williams, and his granddaughter Jane Gertrude Thomas.

The will (dated March 19, 1897), with two codicils (of Nov. 12, 1897, and Dec. 2, 1903), of MR. JOHN PETHICK, J.P., of Down Park, Yelverton, and Norley House, Plymouth, who died on March 29, has been proved by Robert Sydney Pethick, the son, the gross value of the estate being £157,310. The testator gives various properties in Plymouth and Mutley to his eight children; £850 to his son Robert Sydney; an annuity

of £150 to his sister Mrs. Mary Ann Hann; and £25 per annum to his servant, Mary Ann Williams. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, Charles Stuart, Ernest George, Robert Sydney, and Edith Rose Spooner.

The will (dated July 10, 1902), with five codicils, of MRS. ESTHER SARAH BURNES, of 40, Ladbroke Square, Notting Hill, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Sept. 10 by Arthur John Bowen and Alfred Augustus

£500 each to the Church Missionary Society, Miss Weston's Sailors' Rest, and Miss Robinson's Soldiers' Institute; £200 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Metropolitan Drinking-Fountain and Cattle-Trough Association; £100 to Archdeacon Thornton for St. Mary's Training Home; and £50 to the Governesses' Benevolent Institution. Subject to a few other legacies, she leaves the residue of her property to Arthur John Bowen.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1901) of MR. RICHARD EARWAKER, of Westmeon, Southampton, has been proved by John James Spencer, the value of the property being £75,674. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Nottingham General Hospital; £100 to the Vicar of Westmeon for the poor; £10,000, in trust, for his niece Juliet Earwaker; £1000, in trust, for Harriett Earwaker; £5000 to his niece Ann Donnington; £1000 to his nephew Alfred Donnington; £2500 each to his nieces Sarah and Mary Donnington; £6000 to his nephew Robert Earwaker; £4000 to his nephew Albert Earwaker; £1250 each to his nephews Richard and Alfred Earwaker; £4000 each to Mrs. Ada Jane Waters, Mrs. Lily Butcher, and Richard Edwards; £1500 each to his nieces Jane, Ellen, Louise, and Jessie; £500 to Draxton Perris; £500 to Frederick Carver, and £100 each to his two daughters. The residue he leaves to Robert Earwaker and John J. Spencer equally.

The will of MR. WYNDHAM CARMICHAEL ANSIRUTHER MILLIGAN, of Bel-grans, Claughton, Birkenhead, who died on Aug. 6, was proved on Sept. 9 by Alexander Lawson, and George Frederick Milligan and William Lockhart Milligan, the sons, the value of the estate being £48,248. The testator gives £1000 each to his unmarried daughters; £250 between his children living with him at the time of his decease; £100 each to his executors; £100 each to his two nephews Wyndham; and £50 to his gardener, David Thomas. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated March 31, 1891) of MR. HERBERT JENNER-FUST, of Hill Court, Falfield, Gloucester, who died on July 30, was proved on Sept. 9 by Herbert Jenner-Fust, the son, the value of the property being sworn at £43,464. The testator appoints the remainder of the funds of his marriage settlement to his daughter Maria Eleanora. He gives £100 each to his daughters Henrietta Maria Coates and Maria Eleanora; £100 each to his brother Arthur Richard Jenner and his daughter-in-law Flora MacLaine; and a few small legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves to his son, but charged with the payment of £250 per annum to his daughter Maria Eleanora for life.



CHILD LIFE IN TIBET: NATIVE BOYS BATHING.

The boys ran away directly the photographer had "snapped" them.

James, the executors, the value of the estate being £136,127. The testatrix gives £15,000 to the Clergy Orphan Corporation; £10,000 to the United Kingdom Beneficent Association; £5000 each to the Samaritan Hospital for Women, the Sailors' Orphan Girls' Schools and Home, and the School for Officers' Daughters, Bath; £3000 each to the British Home for Incurables, Streatham, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and St. John's School for Clergymen's Sons; £2500 to the Home of St. Barnabas; £2000 each to the Hostel of St. Luke and the Royal Hospital for Incurables, Putney; £1000 each to the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund and the Poor Clergy Relief Corporation;

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ART NOTES.

The holidays of artists are often their best working days; and it is not only Mr. Shannon who has been particularly happy in work done at off times, and out of his own studio. This year artists already returning to town are engaged in comparing their fortunes not, as in recent seasons, their misfortunes. There is the contending boast in the number of fine days experienced—not, as last year, a contending complaint as to the number of wet ones. The next Academy Exhibition should know the difference as the sequel to a summer during which "Light, that Queen of Colours," has ruled so abundantly and benignly.

The Royal Academy Schools, the Slade School, and the Royal College of Art reopen their portals to a crowd of students that shows no sign of shrinkage, despite all the Bond Street mummings about hard times. At the Academy Schools no new pupils could be admitted other than those who passed the entrance examination in July; at the Slade School, admission was announced as being conditional on vacancies which might or might not occur. At the Royal College of Art there is, in addition to the painting class, a sculpture class, and classes for training in tapestry-weaving, metal-working, decorative design, and stained-glass and pottery making. The name of Professor Gerald Moira at the head of the painting class proves, as might be expected, an attraction.

Mr. D. S. MacColl will deliver during the winter two series of lectures on "The History of Art," which in these last days he has helped to make.

Two artistic biographies of first-class importance are in hand—those of Whistler and Watts. Mr. Spielmann, in the venerable Academician, has undoubtedly the much easier subject of the two. The reverent personality is less difficult to handle than



THE GERMAN MILITARY MANŒUVRES:
THE MOTOR CORPS READY TO START.

that of the man in perennial revolt. Moreover, Watts has left behind him a large literary record in the way of scattered papers and letters, all of them very negotiable in the hands of the biographer; whereas one wonders how the writer of Whistler's life will deal with letters such as those of Whistler's recently published in a Glasgow evening paper. The Watts biography will treat of a painter and a man apart from his

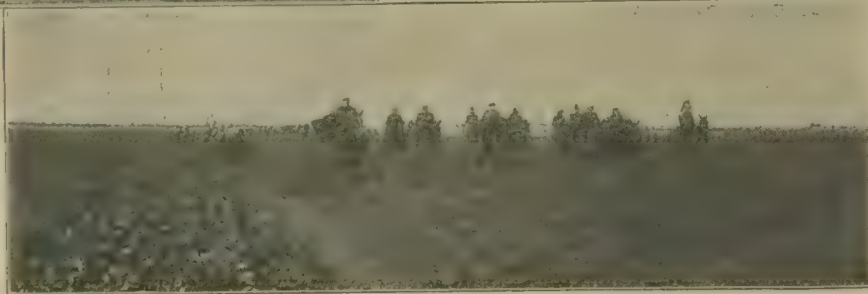
painting; that of Whistler, one imagines, should treat of the artist, and of little more. W. M.

Sir Henry Irving does not approve of the over-lavish mounting occasionally witnessed in Shaksperian productions. He acknowledges that we should be grateful for any productions, but urges us to "beware of overlaying the poet's work with too realistic a setting and leaving nothing to the imagination, which can but make the judicious grieve."

The Ragged School Union has just issued its Diamond Jubilee volume, giving a most comprehensive account of its work for the past sixty years. Three chapters are devoted to the different scholars, classifying them under various heads; then we come to the teachers and the methods of teaching, illustrated by pictures of sewing-classes, carpentering, mat-making, etc. The

chapter called "A Check and a Halt" deals with the advent of the School Board and the consequent fear that the sphere of usefulness of the Ragged

School Union was at an end, a fear which time has proved quite groundless. The book is illustrated by innumerable photographs and some drawings, and contains many a half-humorous, half-pathetic story. It is published at 32, John Street, Theobalds Road, W.C.



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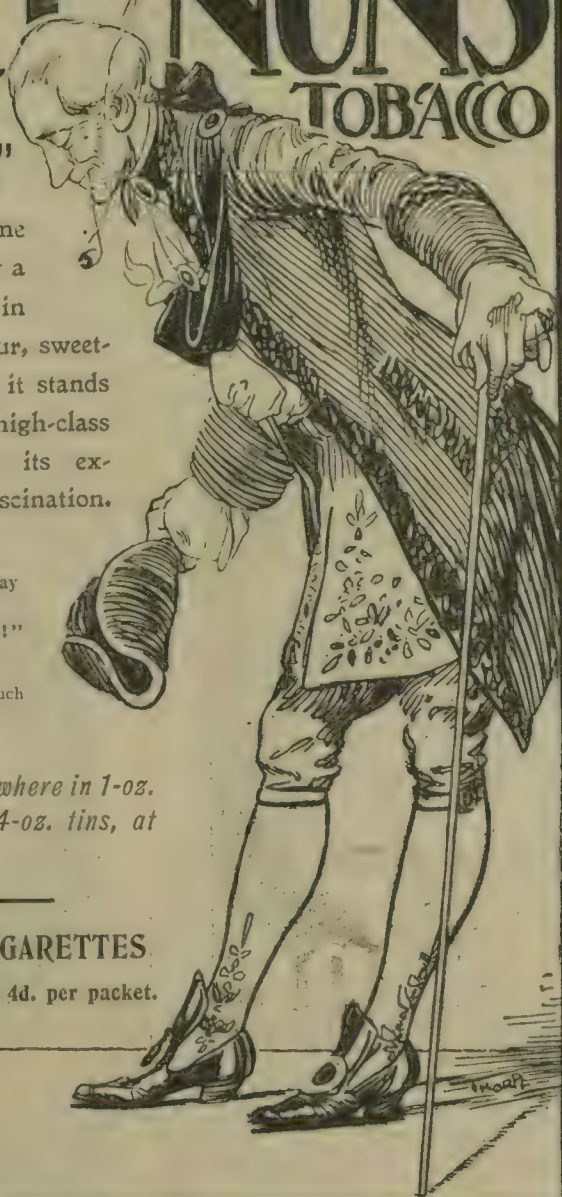
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE TEMPEST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Sixty years after its first production "The Tempest" was converted into a spectacular opera, and however much we may sneer at Shadwell's profane experiment, any adequate modern presentation of this exquisite fantasy must appeal no less deliberately than his to eye and ear. The student may be content to revel in the lyrical beauty of the verse, to mark the poet reflecting here the spirit of his inquiring, exploring age, or to see in Prospero's broken staff a symbol of Shakspeare's farewell to his art. But to satisfy the modern stage-lover, a dramatic fable which relies so largely on pictorial fancy and contains so many imperfectly realised scenes as "The Tempest" must be translated in terms of spectacle and music. Mr. Tree, in his splendid setting of the play, has recognised this necessity: Caliban's enchanted isle at His Majesty's is full of lovely sounds and sights; Ariel and the servant monster, Ferdinand and rowdy Stephano, contribute, together with Sullivan's and Mr. Raymond Roze's score, towards one grand orchestral

harmony; while from the first wonderfully realistic scene of the shipwreck to the last beautiful tableau of the lonely Caliban watching the departing sails of his despot, the stage-pictures at His Majesty's afford one long feast of delight. Perhaps in his interpolated ballet, headed by an amusingly saucy Cupid, and still more in a farcical interlude recalling *Punch's* Prehistoric Peeps, Mr. Tree approaches too near pantomime, but usually his inspirations are very happy. The only disadvantage of his elaborate spectacle is that it smothers the acting. Neither Mr. Tree's imaginative rendering of Caliban, a creature made strangely susceptible to music, nor Messrs. Louis Calvert and Lionel Brough's gloriously humorous treatment of the drunken scenes of Stephano and Trinculo loses by its setting. The Ariel, again, of Miss Viola Tree is conspicuous for youthful charm and buoyancy; and Mr. Haviland's Prospero has resonance and presence, if not distinction. But even so perfect a Ferdinand as Mr. Basil Gill, with his graceful poses and fervent tones, backed by so pretty, though so arch, a Miranda as Miss Norah Kerin, cannot win the love-scenes their due, and the rest of the performers are mere lay figures against the scenery.

"THE PRAYER OF THE SWORD," AT THE ADELPHI. Conscientious, well-intentioned, serious—oh, very serious!—Mr. Fagan's poetic drama, "The Prayer of the Sword," with which Messrs. Otho Stuart and Oscar Asche have started their Adelphi season, is very far from being inspired. The inspiration of Monday night came all from its interpreters—mostly old Bensonians—from Mr. Asche, as a truculent villain of mediæval Italy, and Miss Lily Brayton, as a sweet Duchess; from Mr. Swete, doubling a bishop's and a courtier's rôle, and Mr. Brydone, storming out an angry friar's excommunications; from Mr. Walter Hampden, a very promising *jeune premier*. But the play is a mere stage tragedy, possessed of many dramatic moments, not unpoetical sometimes in reminiscent fashion, but rendered tedious by the endless rhetoric, the incessant moralisings and preachings of its characters. The plot, dealing with a young monk who would serve God with his sword, but who, after saving a beautiful Duchess, forgets his vows and marries, only to be confronted with the Church's ban and loss of mistress and power, is picturesque enough, but is overloaded with talk.



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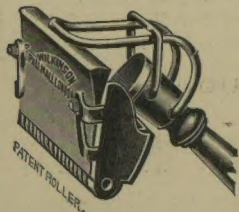
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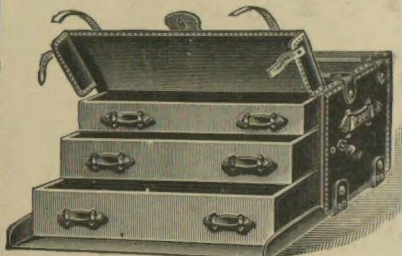
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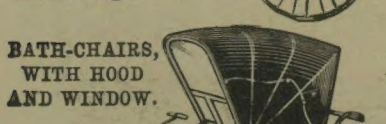
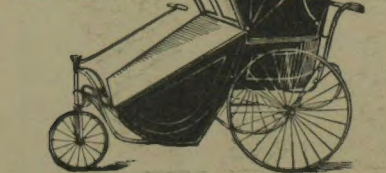
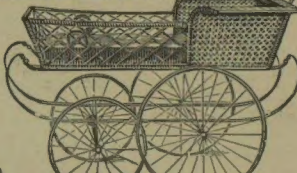
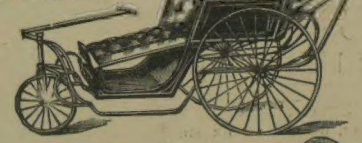
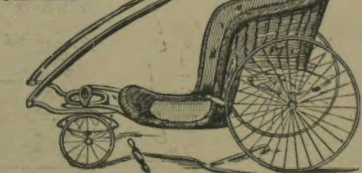
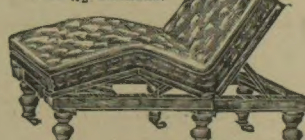
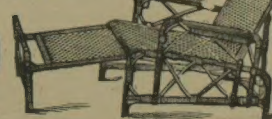
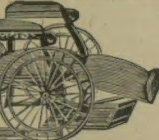
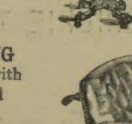
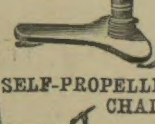
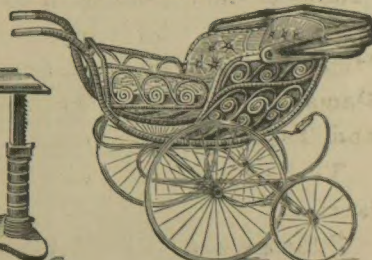
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The prospects of the Church Congress at Liverpool are very encouraging. A large attendance is assured, and Liverpool Churchmen intend to show a generous hospitality to the visitors. The choir of St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, is to sing at the Congress on Oct. 7 to illustrate Dr. Madeley Richardson's paper on the Chanting of the Psalms.

The Archbishop of Canterbury's stay is arousing much interest among Americans. He has received a very hearty welcome in every city visited, and has shown an indefatigable energy in sight-seeing. He spent a night with the Bishop of New York and then proceeded to North-East Harbour, Maine, on a visit to the Bishop of Albany.

The Bishop of Wakefield has returned from Switzerland, where he has spent the summer for the

benefit of his health. He went to Filey for a few weeks, returning to Bishopgarth for the September ordination.

It is proposed to put a stained-glass window in Cauntton Church, Notts, in memory of Dean Hole. The Rev. John Tinkler, Vicar of Cauntton, says that, at the restoration of the church in 1869-70, much was left undone for want of funds, and appeals for a new chancel screen and other additions. Dean Hole was for thirty-eight years Vicar of Cauntton.

The Bishop of Worcester, who is keenly interested in the work of Church extension, has lately been stirring up the laity of his diocese to greater generosity for religious purposes. There is no doubt, he remarked, that Anglicans have become accustomed to rely upon the liberality of those who lived a long time ago. Nonconformists and Roman Catholics have to provide

for the religion to which they belong; but Churchmen seem to have got it into their heads that their ministers are provided for them. Touching on the question of the redistribution of the old endowments, Dr. Gore said he approved of the idea.

The population of Epsom is growing so rapidly that it is intended to erect a new parish church. The present building holds 1200 persons, but a church for 1600 is required. The Vicar, the Rev. W. Bainbridge Bell, estimates the cost at about £25,000.

A large and successful gathering of ministers was held last week at Oxford under the presidency of the Rev. R. J. Campbell and the Rev. F. B. Meyer. Canon Christopher and other Oxford Churchmen were present at the public reception at Christchurch. These Conferences will, for the future, be held in different parts of the country.

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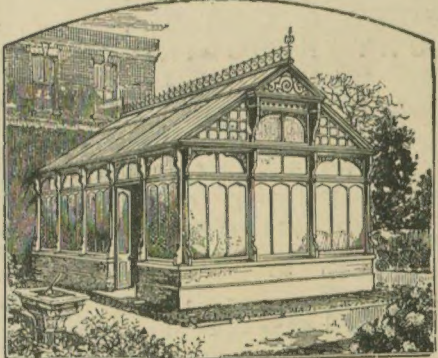


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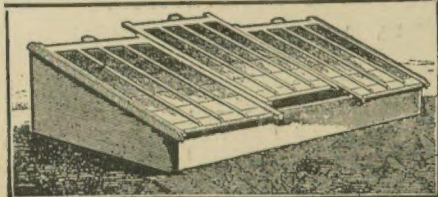
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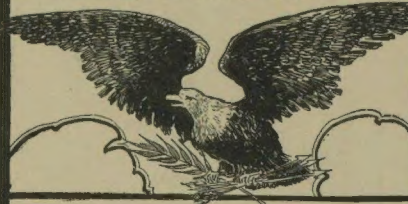
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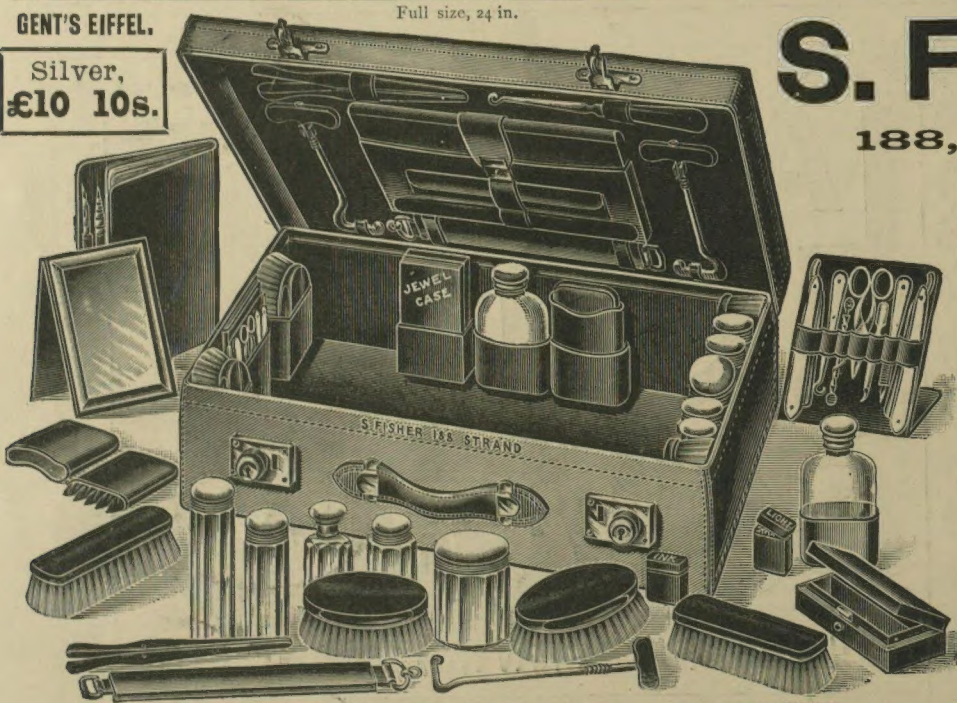
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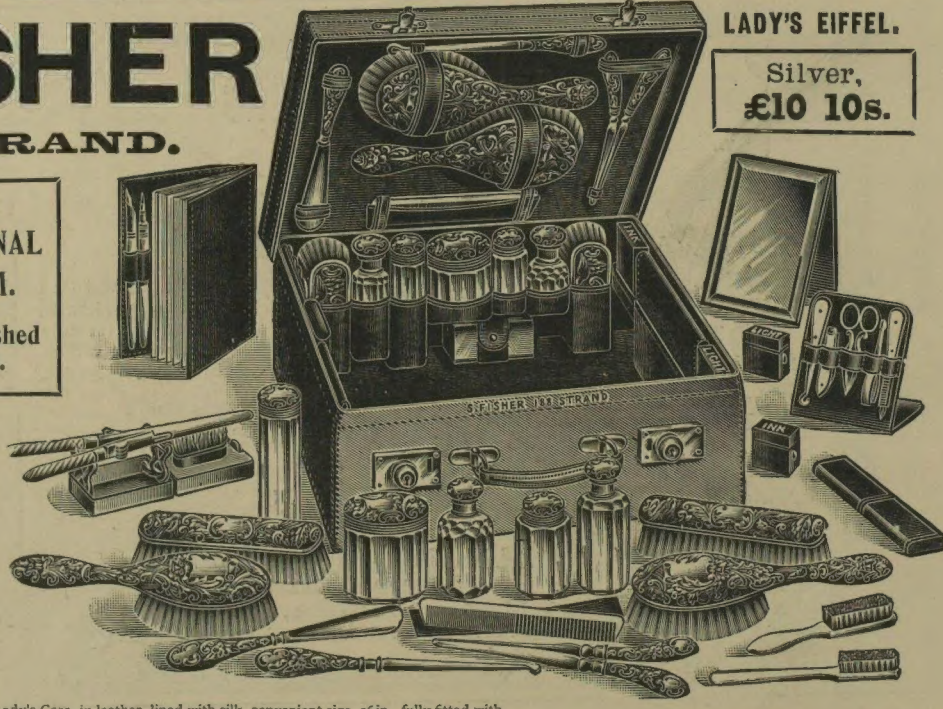
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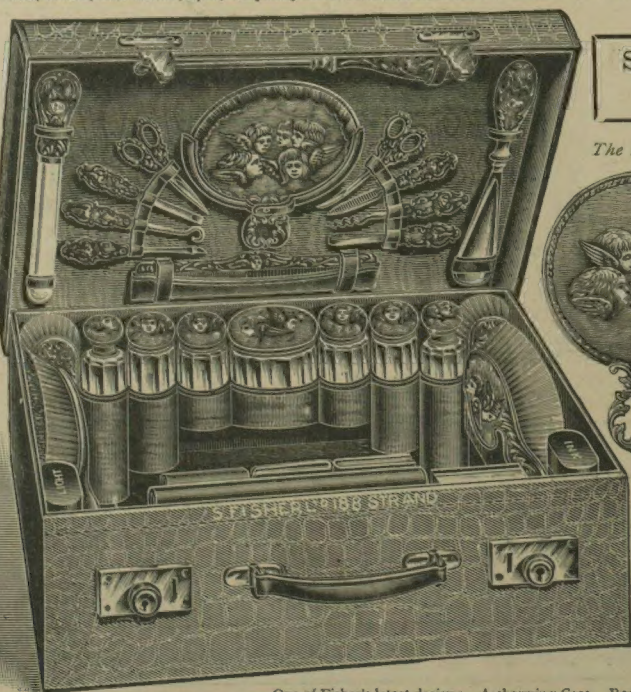
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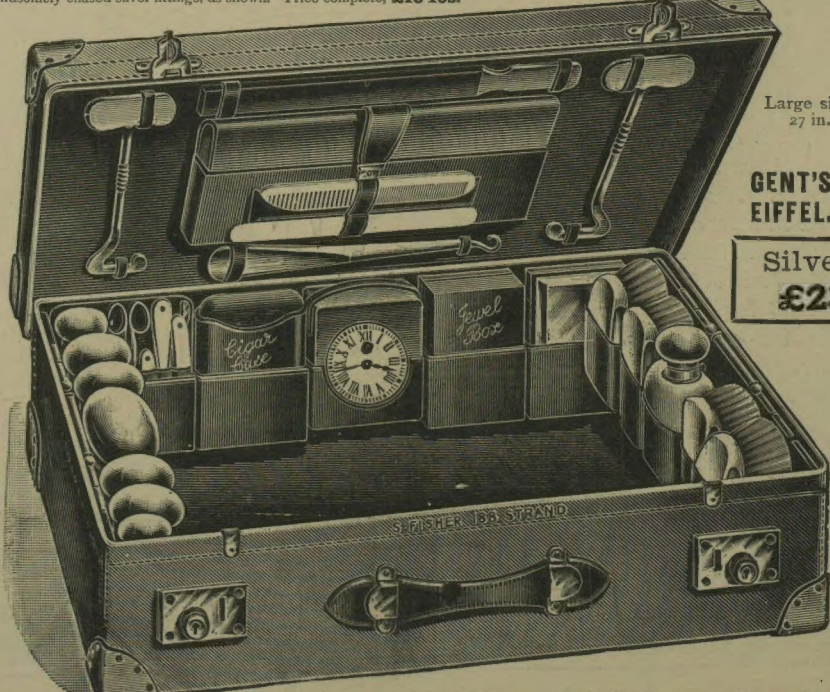
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